W. Spencer Walton

George E. Weeks

M.A., B.D.

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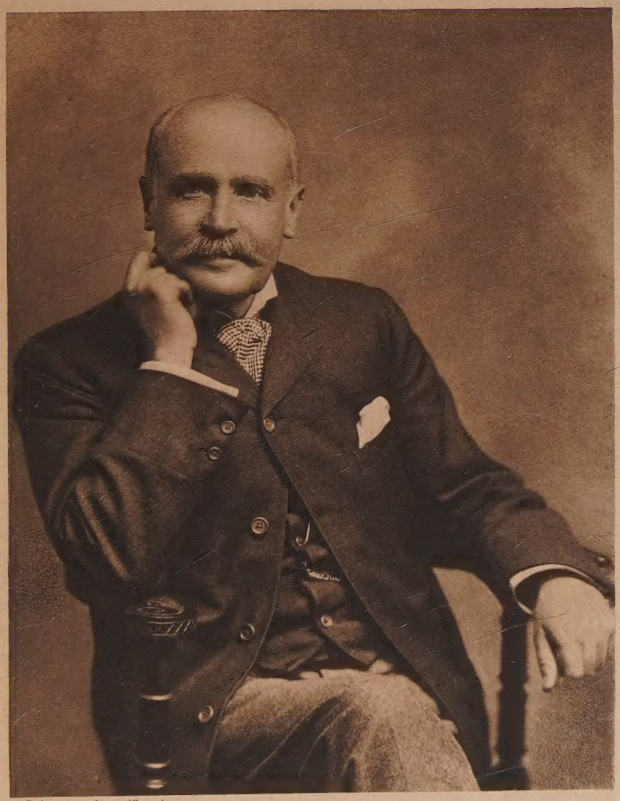

G. P. Abrahams, Photo, Keswick.

As ever most affect

W. Beneckhallow

W. SPENCER WALTON

"Approved of God to be intrusted with the Gospel"

By

GEORGE E. WEEKS, M.A., B.D

Vicar of St. Luke's, South Kensington, formerly of Durban, South Africa

Seminary

"That friend of mine who lives in God."

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AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THIS book has been written amid the varied activities of parish life in London. The lack of leisure inseparable therefrom must be my apology for its lack of literary grace. Such as it is, the book could never have been completed but for invaluable assistance rendered by Mrs. Spencer Walton to the writer. Any charm of narrative is hers; all defects of workmanship are mine.

G. E. W.

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I

EARLY DAYS

In tenderness He sought me,
  Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulder brought me
  Back to his fold again,
While angels in His presence sang,
Until the courts of heaven rang.

He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds,
  And poured in oil and wine,
He whispered to assure me,
  "I've found thee, thou art Mine";
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice!

He pointed to the nail-prints,
  For me His blood was shed,
A mocking crown so thorny,
  Was placed upon His head.
I wondered what He saw in me,
To suffer such deep agony.

I'm sitting in His presence,
  The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
  His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

So, while the hours are passing,
  All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
  The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless bride;

W. S. W.

CHAPTER I

Early Days

WILLIAM SPENCER WALTON was born at Clare Cottage, Tulse Hill, London, on January 15, 1850, the second son of Charles and Martha Debenham Walton. Mr. Walton was a partner in the firm of Messrs. Charles Walton & Sons, shipping merchants, of Fenchurch Street—the first house to establish steam communication with Australia. His death at the early age of forty was the first great sorrow of Spencer's life. Not robust as a boy, he had been sent, at the age of fifteen, on a long sea voyage, in the course of which he visited Australia, Tasmania, India, Ceylon, and other places. While thus absent from home he received in Australia the news of his father's death, which robbed the home-coming of much of the joy with which he had anticipated it.

Mrs. Walton was a woman of beautiful disposition and saintly character, and her influence over Spencer was always very great. The home graced by her presence was indeed a happy one, and his boyhood was passed amid surroundings upon which he always looked back with gratitude. From Tulse Hill the family removed to Clapham Park, and thence, some years later, to the Manor House, Beckenham, then quite a country retreat. Here Spencer and his brothers enjoyed life to the full. He himself was always passionately fond of natural history, and the woods around his home were a never-failing source of delight. To the end of his life the same

tastes characterized him, and the pages of his diaries enshrine many a floral specimen, gathered in widely sundered corners of the world.

In temperament Spencer was sanguine and enthusiastic, with a love of fun and mischief which marked him out as leader in many an escapade. "I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me," may surely be applied to him; for the cheery heart, and radiant smile, and indomitable optimism were to prove invaluable assets in his Mission work in after days.

The Walton lads were educated at a boarding school in Hampstead, kept by the Rev. William Shingleton, a staunch Baptist and a conscientious teacher, of whom a former pupil has preserved some reminiscences :—

> "His eccentricities of dress were well known in his circle. He adhered to his last days to the fashions of his youth, the dress coat and frilled shirt. His cloth was always black ; his shoes of horse leather, tied with black ribbons ; his hat of real beaver, intentionally rough, and always brushed the wrong way."

It does not appear that Spencer owed much spiritually to his school-days ; God was to meet with him in other directions. On leaving school he commenced business life in the office of Messrs. Churchill & Son, wood brokers, and remained some time in their service. During this period he was again ordered to take a voyage, and in 1867 for the first time saw South Africa. Did "Africa waiting" speak to him then ? Who shall say whether God did not, even then—he the while unconscious—implant some germ of sympathy with the dark souls of that dark land ?

Returning from South Africa, Walton resumed his duties at Messrs. Churchills'. At this time he became interested in the social side of the work at the Stockwell Congregational Church, acting as secretary of the Debating Society, and teaching in the Sunday-school. Looking back upon those days he confesses with sincere regret

that he was but a "dead professor" and "a thorough worldling."

But God was working His purpose out. In this year —1872—an incident occurred, which affected him profoundly. Calling at an office on a friend, in accordance with a prior arrangement, he asked: "Is P—— in?" "Yes, he's in—in his grave," was the flippant reply. Spencer's first impression was that an unseemly jest was being perpetrated, but on pressing his inquiries, he found the facts to be indeed as stated; his friend had contracted blood-poisoning, and after twenty-four hours' illness had passed away.

Before the solemnizing effect of this event had faded Spencer went to hear Father Ignatius, the well known mission preacher. Though he did not then profess conversion, there can be no doubt that the sermon then preached was instrumental, under God, in preparing him for that definite step a little later on. For, six years later, Spencer was led to write to Father Ignatius, and to tell him of the manner in which that sermon had been blessed to one at least of his hearers. Father Ignatius replied in the following characteristic letter:—

"JESUS ONLY ✝ PAX

"LLANTHONY ABBEY,
"*February* 28, 1878.

"MY DEAR SON IN JESUS,—

"Thank you for sending me such glad news of our Precious Master's dealings with you. I am so glad to know that I was allowed to awaken you to a sense of your true condition before God. And now Christ has given you light. Still more, you are letting your light shine before men, and so others are receiving light from you. Blessed be the Risen King Jesus, the Lord of Glory. And now the more you recognize that it is the Resurrection life of Jesus that is in you, the more courage and joy, the more strength and zeal you will display in His dear service.

I could write volumes concerning His faithfulness. I have seen hundreds accept salvation at even one of our Missions. He has given me sons and daughters all over the land. How very humbling is the thought 'Look to the pit from whence ye are hewn'; 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' Let

Jesus only have every single scrap and atom of the praise, and let us lie down in the dust at His feet. May you 'go from strength to strength,' until you appear before the Lord in Zion.

"Your affectionate Father in Christ Jesus, the Risen King of Israel,

"IGNATIUS, O.S.B. Monk."

But to return to 1872. Spencer's younger brother, Eliot, had been led to Christ some three or four years previously, and, like Andrew, sought to bring his own brother to the same saving knowledge. Off the Brixton Road an evangelist named Hook was holding a series of services, and at Eliot's request Spencer accompanied him, and on Sunday, February 18, the decisive step was taken. The preliminary devotions interested him but little, but as the speaker set forth the sinner's need and the Saviour's grace, the Holy Spirit revealed him to himself, and he saw as never before his position as an unsaved man, and the utter hollowness of his nominal Christianity.

Undeterred by the gaze of curious eyes, at the close of the service he went straight up to the preacher, and with his wonted directness, asked the pregnant question: "Sir, how can I get to God?" Needless to say Mr. Hook gladly explained the way of access, and Spencer left the hall rejoicing. Some extracts from his diary of this period, though brief, are suggestive:—

"*Jan.* 2. Institute early, and worked at decorations in the evening.

"*Jan.* 8. My penny reading. Room full.

"*Jan.* 16. Mrs. N——'s party. Got through 21 dances. Home at 5.30 a.m.

"*Jan.* 18. S——'s party. 18 dances. Slept at Blackheath."

Then, just one month later:—

"*Feb.* 18. Heard Dr. Thomas and Mr. Hook. Grand sermon. CONVERTED; thank God for it."

So the entry stands, abrupt in its wording, but how much of blessing to needy hearts was to be its sequence! The

next following page in the diary reveals the deep reality of that Sunday night's work :—

"My new Birthday is February 18, 1872. I was then born again, thanks to God. How sad it is, nevertheless, to think that I have wasted twenty-two years, thinking that works—not Christ's blood—saved me, and living a hypocritical and wicked life. It looks like a great black cloud, a past chaos. Oh God ! strengthen me for the future, as I now see the blest reality of what Christ did for me in the past. All, yea, all."

So the awakened heart poured forth its confession and thanksgiving. Throughout his life Spencer ever insisted upon the possibility and necessity of immediate acceptance of Christ, and immediate consecration to His service. This had been his own experience, and with loving persistency he urged the same definite response to the love of God. We follow the first steps of his new life :—

"*Jan.* 19. Joined the Brethren.
"*Jan.* 20. Meeting at Brixton Hall.
"*Jan.* 22. Spent a happy evening. Searched the Scriptures.
"*Jan.* 23. Dr. Cronin's Bible Reading. Went."

From this time onwards the Bible became his constant companion. Long after the rest of the family had retired he would remain searching the Word of God, as for hidden treasure, and frequently the first gleams of dawn found him still so employed. Although increased knowledge and clearer light led him to sever his connexion with the Brethren, he ever looked back to the early days in their fellowship as the time in which the foundations of his knowledge of the Bible were well and truly laid.

Rejoicing in his new-found Saviour, at once he sought to help others to a like experience. With the aid of a few like-minded friends he commenced open-air meetings in a poor district off the Clapham Road. Like many honoured workers for God he had to learn that God's strength is perfected in human weakness ; on the first occasion of his attempting to preach he was so nervous

that he was obliged to avail himself of the support of an adjacent lamp-post. He had carefully prepared his address, and had spoken for a few moments only, when a boy spat in his face, and so utterly disconcerted him that the meeting was abruptly ended.

But this failure—as he then deemed it—was but a stepping stone to higher things. That night, upon his knees, he definitely claimed from God power for service, and as definitely pleaded that the gift of the evangelist might be his. As to the definite nature of the answer to his prayer, later pages shall tell.

Throughout the summer of 1872, the young soldier of Christ devoted his evenings to open-air work, and in the autumn enjoyed a well-earned holiday at Broadstairs. During this time of rest he nearly lost his life on the Goodwin Sands. An expedition thither had been planned, with the additional novelty of a game of cricket upon the sands, and the passage was made without mishap. The boat was left in charge of a boatman, who had strict orders to watch the tide, and to give the signal for embarkation. Absorbed in the game, the members of the party had failed to notice the stealthy advance of the flood, and were awakened to a sense of their danger by the water surging in a long ripple over their feet. Instantly a rush was made for the boat, when the boatman was discovered in a drunken stupor, and before the last of the party had been lifted in, the water reached the shoulders of those assisting them. Walton wrote in his diary :—

"*Friday, Sept.* 19, 1872. Out for Picnic. Nearly all drowned on the Goodwins. God in His great mercy saved us all from a watery grave. May this be a lasting lesson."

The years between 1872 and 1882 were spent in business, with evangelistic work as opportunity offered. Only the barest records of this decade are available, but a connexion of Spencer, Mr. Martin Smith, has preserved

some notes of a mission in which they worked together in the Channel Islands. The extracts given bear witness, not only to Spencer Walton's growth in grace, but also to the earnestness of purpose, the contagious happiness, and the faithfulness in dealing with souls which to the end were salient traits in his character.

"I had learned," says Mr. Martin Smith, "to love Spencer Walton, and from time to time helped him in Gospel services; but this closer contact revealed a man so beautiful in his simpleness of purpose, his consecration to God, that it made me feel my distance; and I at once longed for a like experience of the Divine Life within, affecting, transforming the whole being, and shedding gracious influence on those around."

The Mission services were well attended, and evidently blessed of God. Mr. Smith continues:—

"I was soon impressed with the way in which the evangelist drove home to the consciences of all present the exceeding sinfulness of sin. . . . It came with such power that I was deeply moved, and felt the man had a message direct from God to the people. . . . I had never before heard preaching like this, and wondered at the quiet searching probing of hearts. . . . Then came the blessed message of God's wonderful love to the sinner, and of God's longing for his deliverance. . . . Then came the after meeting, with the deeply realized power of the Holy Spirit working mightily. Of all my new experiences this was strangest. People all round were deeply moved, conscience-stricken and sobbing. Some of the burly soldiers present were among these, their faces buried in their hands."

This is Spencer's note of the closing day:—

"Oh, how He helped me. Every word I felt went in His power, and soon began to tell. Tears and broken hearts all round. In the after meeting there were so many to speak with that it was eleven when we left. The crowning evening of all."

Among Walton's notes of this mission occurs a sentence significant of the approaching call to wider service that was to reach him: "I pined for the day when the fetters of business should be broken. Was not He patient? And ought I not to be so too?" Thus the Great Master

was training His servant; "in much patience . . . in watchings . . . in fastings . . . by the Word of truth . . . by the Holy Ghost . . . by the power of God" the vessel was being sanctified, and rendered more meet for the Master's use.

II

WITH THE CHURCH PAROCHIAL MISSION SOCIETY

1882–1884

Matthew ix. 29.

O TOUCH mine eyes that I may see,
  In cloudless rapture Thy dear face,
And in that calm serenity,
  With patience run my glorious race.

Oh, loose my tongue that I may tell,
  With burning words, to sinners lost,
That Thou didst come to seek and save,
  To purchase them at such a cost.

Unstop my ears, that I may hear
  The softest whisper of Thy love,
To draw my heart from earthly things,
  And fix it on Thyself above.

Release my feet that I may run
  The way of holiness divine;
Held by Thy hand I cannot fall,
  Filled with Thy life I'll brightly shine.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER II

With the Church Parochial Mission Society

1882–1884

AS the months sped, filled with happy service, blessed by God to a remarkable degree, it became increasingly plain to Spencer Walton that he was being called from the busy world of commerce to do the work of an evangelist. Such a step involved issues too great to be decided without earnest and prolonged prayer for guidance, and only when he was convinced that such was the Master's will did he take it. The long record of effective work that followed is the best demonstration that he was indeed "moved by the Holy Ghost" in his decision.

On the first page of the diary, dated October 1882, his hand has transcribed some lines of Frances Havergal :—

> "Then rise and watching daily
> Ask Him your lamp to trim,
> With the fresh oil He giveth
> That it may not burn dim.
> Yes, rise and shine for Jesus,
> Be brave and bright and true
> To the true and loving Saviour
> Who gave Himself for you.
> Oh shine for Jesus, dear one,
> And henceforth be your way
> Bright with the light that shineth
> Unto the perfect day"—

and beneath is attached a cutting from the *Christian* :—

"Mr. W. Spencer Walton has given up his business as a merchant in order to devote himself to evangelistic work in connexion with the Church Parochial Mission Society."

From that decision he never swerved. Often in after years when difficulties, and at times dangers, confronted him which a successful business man would probably never have known, he looked back with gratitude to the day when, in response to His Master's call, he left all and followed Him. It was his keen sense of the lofty privilege of co-operating with the Good Shepherd in seeking the lost that rendered him impatient, almost brusque, in his attitude towards under-shepherds who obviously regarded their work as a profession rather than a holy vocation.

The period of his life with which this chapter deals is marked by great activity and great variety of experience. Now he is chilled by the frigid reception accorded him by a clergyman and people of ritualistic proclivities; now fired by the enthusiasm of a Cornish "revival." He writes to-day with thankfulness of cases of definite conversion; to-morrow he records obstinate resistance to the claim of God for a fuller consecration on the part of His professing people. In Irish orphanages; on board coasting schooners; in West End drawing-rooms; under humble roofs of corrugated iron he uplifts the Saviour by whose love he was constrained. Without exaggeration he might have said, with Zinzendorf, "I have but one passion—it is HE."

Walton's first engagement with the C.P.M. Society was at King's Lynn, where in the person of the Rev. Sydenham Dixon he found a sympathetic comrade:—"Very hearty help from the Vicar" is his comment under date October 14, the first day of the mission. Ten days later he writes:—

"Closing day of the mission. . . . Workers came to tea at the Vicarage and we then went through wind and rain to the Mission Hall, where we had a good company to the praise meeting, and a very hearty meeting indeed. Many, very many, stood up to intimate they had received blessing. We then went on to the Church, and had united Communion, some 104 being present.

It was a blessed and touching sight to see a whole row of newly-converted men all kneeling together. The Vicar spoke from 'Yet not I, but Christ'—a most stirring and powerful address, begging all the Christians to go in for a full surrender. We then brought the Mission to a close by singing 'Crown Him Lord of all.'"

Thus God attested the reality of the call to which His servant had responded. The above extract strikes key-notes which were never lacking in the music of Walton's consecrated life. Conversion—surrender—praise were always linked together in his teaching, and doubtless one factor in his success was the obvious sincerity of his own yielded life, and its resultant, a continuous note of praise.

His next Mission was at Brighton, where to climatic difficulties was added much opposition and maltreatment on the part of some roughs. Those responsible for the work were reluctantly compelled to legal proceedings. "I wished all this could be dispensed with," wrote Spencer, and that his wish was no mere form of words is proved by an entry somewhat later: "We paid the fine, as the lad's mother was a widow, and the whole affair has had a very good effect." "Better still," he writes, "two rough fellows who had been in the night before, left praising the Lord. Three others who were very troublesome some nights back were broken down, so in spite of all the bad treatment the Lord is saving the worst."

November found Walton in Dublin. He had paid a short visit to the neighbourhood one year previously and met with a cordial welcome. From the first night onwards tokens of God's blessing were abundantly vouchsafed. On November 16 (second day) he writes:—

"I never remember seeing so much blessing at one meeting. Glory be to God. Some remarkable cases."

The work carried on so successfully for so many years at the "Birds' Nest" by the Misses Smyly is probably

well known to many who read these lines. It is a home for destitute children which, ever since its foundation in 1859, has been maintained by the prayers and offerings of God's people. Spencer was extremely happy among the boys and girls gathered here, and there are men and women to-day who look back to his visit to the "Nest" as the time when decision for Christ was made. His diary preserves the photographs of many such, each the subject of earnest and continued intercession.

Some extracts from the diary will illustrate the varied nature of the work accomplished during the mission.

"*Nov.* 20. Went on board some vessels at the Quay. Found two Christians on board a brigantine. At four o'clock our first Bible reading. Had had much prayer, feeling my weakness and foolishness much, but He was more than enough. Many received a very definite blessing, and entered into the fulness.

"*Nov.* 23. Spoke to children at Coombe ragged school. Went to Boys' Home. Good congregation at 7.30. Young and old came forward for salvation.

"*Nov.* 23. More and more blessing. Old and young alike came to the Lord Jesus; a blind man, a soldier, a sailor, and many others. O Lord how can we praise Thee enough?"

The mission ended on November 28, and Walton closes his record with the note: "Over 1,000 professed to have received blessing." That his ministry had indeed been owned of God is confirmed by the reports appearing in such periodicals as *Word and Work*, and the *Christian*. The *Banner of Truth in Ireland* for January 1, 1883, wrote as follows:—

"The most remarkable services were those held in the mission church at Townsend Street, which was filled every night with a most attentive audience. Large numbers remained for the after meetings and it was strange to see the mixture of classes among those who remained on their knees, seeking for pardon and peace. Here a poor rough-looking ragged man, sobbing out 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner'; close to him a lady, her sealskin jacket actually touching the poor man's rags, also praying for mercy"—and so on.

All who knew Walton as an evangelist will bear witness to his faithfulness in setting forth the sinfulness of sin.

With him, this experience had developed with his Christian life, and as his own sensitiveness thereto grew more delicate, so the more tenderly would he probe the consciences of his hearers until the Holy Spirit, whose instrument he was, revealed to them their desperate case. Hence his work, if one may call it his, was deep and permanent, and I have spoken with those who five, ten, or fifteen years before, were led to Christ through his instrumentality. When Christian workers thus declare the whole counsel of God in the power of the Spirit of God, they may be sure God will honour their loyalty to His truth.

In December 1882 Spencer undertook a mission at Bromley Common, and appears to have keenly felt the contrast with his Irish experiences: "so cold and slow —so very different to warm Dublin." Yet he looked through the difficulties to the Master, and proved Him greater than they. He speaks with gratitude of his fellowship with Mr. (after Sir Arthur) Blackwood, whose home was near.

New Year's Day of 1883 found him far from well. The heavy strain of the year's work was beginning to tell, and the diary for 1883 opens with the words: "Feeling very weak and ill." Still, he was a soldier on service, and the evening of January I saw him opening a fortnight's mission at Bournemouth. He seems to have been much distressed at the manifest influence of ritualistic teaching, but on the other hand there were earnest, whole-hearted men and women who encouraged him by their prayers. On January 5 he writes: "Had a wrestling time in my room." Then later on the same page we mark the answer: "A time of conviction—many pressing into the inquiry room."

The last day of the mission was his thirty-third birthday: "I am sure I could not have had a happier one, spent in praising God for His wonderful blessing during the mission."

Readers of this book will be familiar with the names of Robert Aitken and his remote Cornish parish, Pendeen. This was the next scene of Spencer's labours. The warm-hearted Cornishmen were quick to recognize a kindred spirit, and from the first responded readily to his appeals. On several occasions the services were marked by the display of emotionalism so often associated with Cornish "revivals," the account of which might lead some readers to question the permanent value of the work. But the Missioner knew well that when the waves of emotion had spent their force the implanted Word would remain, and his teaching was clear, definite, and scriptural. Hence on a revisit later in the same year he rejoiced to find many who had professed conversion still standing fast in the Lord. But not all received the message. A poor old woman in a broken-down cottage was indeed an object of prayer and pity. Her life had been one of sin and unhappiness and she was noted for her powers of abuse. She was evidently softened, but only said, when pressed to accept the Saviour, "No, not to-day, and perhaps not to-morrow."

The Vicar in his report upon the mission wrote: "The remarkable feature in the work has been the deep impression made upon the young men." Not less encouraging was the report of the next clergyman with whom Walton worked. At the invitation of the Rev. J. A. Jacob, then Incumbent of S. Thomas', Westbourne Grove, he undertook ten days' mission in the Westbourne Hall, Bayswater. Despite severe weather, the interest deepened as the mission season sped, and at its close Mr. Jacob wrote:—

"I cannot but speak most warmly of the power with which Mr. Spencer Walton conducted the meetings. He never for a moment became dull, and his speaking with its brightness and enthusiasm soon got hold of the people. It fully satisfied me because, without being in the least degree polemical, it gave all honour to Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour, and never went outside the lines of what I feel to be sound theology."

Spencer himself wrote in his diary, under date February 20 :—

"The service closed at 11.15, and with it one of the most blessed missions I have had in London."

About this time Spencer became interested in the work of the Church Army, but the records accessible afford no indication as to the circumstances which led to his association therewith. Though still upon the staff of the Parochial Mission Society, he was sent by the Church Army to a difficult parish in Birmingham. The work was uphill, and here and there are to be found traces of depression otherwise but rarely met with: "It does seem as if I were here to ride a dead horse" —but the near presence of his Master soon nerved him for his task, and he writes: "The Lord knows what is best, and I can and do trust Him." The last words in Spencer's record of this period are: "A very happy time."

The foregoing pages will have enabled the reader to appreciate the zeal and activity which marked Spencer's service, and also to realize the secret of the success which God was pleased to give him. Without any formal theological training, his teaching was so marked by fidelity to Scripture that, as we have seen, he "never went outside the lines of sound theology." A mind stored with the Word of God; a heart full of the love of God; a life pervaded by the Spirit of God—with this equipment have the victories of the Cross ever been achieved.

The remaining paragraphs of this chapter must briefly summarize Walton's work until the severance of his connexion with the C.P.M.S.

At Harmondsworth (March–April 1883) he was grieved at the opposition shown by a strong section of the people of marked ritualistic sympathies. "A most difficult task; hard ploughing work, but reaping will come,"

he wrote. Nor was his faith unrewarded, for, in the words of the Vicar of the parish, "souls were converted to God; believers were strengthened and gladdened, and many careless ones found their way to the House of God."

In May he was in Dublin again, the city being greatly perturbed by Nationalist activity. "Many police about, who look at me with suspicion," he writes. He was much distressed at witnessing the bondage in which Rome keeps her children. Visiting a workhouse, he found no one was allowed to speak (on religious topics) except a priest or nun. On another occasion, seeing several penitents waiting to make their confession, he remarks: "I was indignant at it all, it was robbing the dear Lord of His glory." The remark was characteristic of the man:

> "Yea I am Christ's, and let the name suffice you,
> Yea, for me too He greatly hath sufficed."

From Dublin Walton returned to undertake a tent mission in Walworth, South London. The difficulties were many, but he speaks with gratitude of the work of some Deaconesses from Mildmay. One trophy of this mission was an old woman, who had been tried for manslaughter, acquitted, and who had rarely been sober thenceforward.

Bromley next claimed his energies for a re-visit, and August was spent in well-earned rest at Keswick and Abergavenny. His first engagement on resuming work was at Carluke, N.B. An interesting point illustrating the oneness of Christ's people was that this mission was daily remembered before God at the Fulton Street prayer meeting in New York.

An incident of his third visit to Dublin is worth recounting. I quote this from his diary (October, 1883):—

"I spoke with a young schoolgirl with a fine character and plenty of spirit. She had embraced sceptical opinions, and had

done her utmost to persuade others against belief. Now being under deep conviction she said, "It is mean to come to Jesus now I am unhappy.' I told her of His love, and with tears in her eyes she said, 'Oh tell me of Him right from the beginning. I do believe she got blessing. She bent down in prayer and told Him all."

At Harrogate, Walton was enabled to help a young lady in the last stages of consumption. Before the end, which came ere his visit to the town had terminated, she had learned the secret of fearing no evil, and in the room, hallowed by the presence of the dead, the nurse who had lovingly tended her, and who had been deeply impressed by Spencer's faithful ministrations, herself took the great step from death unto life.

Rickaby, Selby, Newcastle, Manchester were visited in turn, then in May he crossed to Ireland once more for an evangelistic tour in Connemara. Here he was distressed at the darkness which covered the people and at the grip maintained upon them by the priests. One woman who regularly attended the services was threatened by the priest that if she persisted, he would turn her into a hare! He was saddened, too, at the display of intemperance which accompanied such funerals as he happened to witness.

September was spent at Norwich, October at Bath. The diary for October 17 is headed: "This day was an epoch in my life. Hallelujah." It is clear that for some time past Spencer had been passing through a season of spiritual exercise. While abundantly blessed in the service to which he had been called, he was conscious that there was a possibility of yet greater usefulness, which depended upon his appropriation of Christ in fuller measure than heretofore. At Bath he met one who was to lead him into that fuller blessing. He writes under above date:—

"After the Bible reading went for a walk with young H——. He was much blessed to me. We talked over the sixth of Romans, and how the Lord opened my eyes! I have been so blind not

to see His purposes. New truth is dawning,—it is but a glimmer, but the sun is rising."

Three days later the entry stands :—

"H—— has been such a blessing to me, and through him God has enabled me to step into the full meaning of Romans 6."

And now a new epoch in another sense was at hand. It was evident to those who knew Spencer Walton best that the restraints inseparable from work prescribed by a committee were proving irksome, and that his was a temperament which could find more satisfactory outlet for its enthusiasm if free from such trammels. Doubtless the discipline through which he had passed was of the greatest possible value, and by its means he had been taught many lessons of subordination and self-control. Now, those lessons learned, he was prepared for the new service to which the guiding hand of God was directing him. The entry in his diary is brief, but it had been preceded by much patient waiting upon God :—

"A real time of prayer, and at last the Lord most manifestly revealed to me that I was to leave the C.P.M.S., so after another season of prayer I sent my resignation in and felt a great load gone. Jehovah Jireh ! I do not want to see the future, but the Lord will see to it and look after and provide for my dear ones. Oh it is such perfect rest."

Was he right ? The sequel will show. Here I transcribe the last page of the diary :—

"Left the Church Parochial Mission Society Dec. 31, 1884."

Psalm 37. 5. . . . . Prov. 3. 5, 6.
Prov. 6. 22. . . . . Phil. 4. 19.

"I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward course He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes a glad and new surprise.
Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, 'He knows ; He knows.'"

And, beneath these lines, a short excerpt from the *Christian* :—

"Mr. Spencer Walton, who has for over two years been working as lay missioner in the Church Parochial Mission Society, is leaving that Society at Christmas. Among other reasons he desires not to confine himself to one branch of Christ's Church, but to take up general and undenominational mission work."

This chapter will have been written to no purpose if it fails to set forth two features in dear Walton's life which must ever underlie all successful service for the King, his intense love for the Word of God, and his unceasing habit of prayer. Those of us who have been privileged to see the pages of his Bible know that every margin is filled with gleanings from the most diverse sources, and every page with tokens of long and patient search into its treasures. So, too, those of us who have shared his life on board ship, in the Mission House, or on the African veldt have been both stimulated and rebuked by his delight in prayer. The intervals between services which many men would have devoted to physical rest —rest thoroughly well earned—he often consecrated to waiting upon God, and as a result, went forth with renewed powe rto speak to his fellow-men. "We also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

III

INDEPENDENT WORK

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

HUSH! my soul, thou canst not murmur,
  Thou hast such a gracious Friend,
In His heart of love He planneth
  All thy path from end to end.

Naught but good that heart conceiveth,
  Best of blessings He'll bestow,
Guarding, keeping, guiding, leading,
  All your journey here below.

Hold His hand, 'twas pierced to save thee,
  Let Him draw thee to His side;
Put thy head upon His bosom,
  Now in Him thy cares confide.

How He loves to hear thee speaking!
  Loves to gaze upon thy face,
Will not lose thy softest whisper
  Meant to catch His ear of grace.

As a river, ever onward,
  Flows into an ocean calm,
Lit up with a golden sunset,
  Echoing with an evening Psalm,

So this rest gets broader, deeper,
  Till it's lost in Heaven above,
Where the glory's ever brighter
  And the song is always love.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER III

Independent Work

WITH the New Year, 1885, Walton entered upon his new work as an independent evangelist. But though a new work, his message was that which God had so wondrously blessed of old, and the diary for 1885 and the following years records similar tokens of Divine approval. There are indications, however, that a new experience was now enjoyed. It will be remembered that at Bath he had met a certain Mr. H—— who had been used of God to lead him into an experimental knowledge of the truths set forth by St. Paul in the sixth of Romans. As days had passed, this knowledge had deepened, the result being a more marked restfulness in the busiest seasons, and a more manifest enduement of power.

"Not merely set apart for work," he writes (Feb. 1885) "but set apart for Himself; then claiming death in His death, burial in His grave, and resurrection with Him. A new power, commencing at Pentecost and ending when He comes. What a fact to rejoice over that this belongs to His weakest child.

'There is a stillness in the Christian's life:
The corn of wheat must fall into the ground
And die; then if it die out of that death,
Life, fullest life will blessedly abound.
It is a mystery no words can tell,
But known to those who in this stillness rest,
Something divinely comprehensible.
That for my nothingness I GET GOD'S BEST."

W. S. W.

Thus consciously entering into the secret of plenitude of power Walton set forth upon the untried way that lay before him. His itinerary during these years is varied. In Scotland he was welcomed again at Carluke, and conducted missions at Hamilton, Motherwell, Montrose, Dunoon and Dundee. North and south of England called for his services; Whitehaven, Cleator Moor, Godalming, Southsea and Brighton, with many another town, being visited now at the invitation of the Vicar, now by request of individual Christians, and at times under the auspices of the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.

At Brighton very marked success attended the work. There for years the Rev. J. B. Figgis had been carrying on a spiritual ministry, and exercising a great influence which was not confined to the members of his own congregation. With him Walton was heartily in sympathy, and from the first the mission was with power. At its close Mr. Figgis declared :—

> "Never was prayer more manifestly or graciously answered than in the blessings many amongst us are reaping. Mr. Walton's Bible readings, full of thought and showing careful preparation, have crowded the rooms of the Y.W.C.A. for fifteen afternoons. The church, which was more than half full at the first service, was crammed in every corner at the last, when the appeals and incidents of the mission preacher must have left deep impressions on many minds."

A similar work was accomplished at Hove, and the direct outcome of the two missions was a Conference—or, to use more modern parlance, a Convention—held in the pavilion at Brighton, when the fullness of the Saviour and the mighty power of the life of the child of God, who claims the full provision made for him by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost were very clearly set forth and by many gladly accepted.

Here may opportunely be given a specimen of the addresses which so deeply moved the hundreds who heard them delivered. It presents no artificial charm of style, being reported just as spoken, and bearing all

the marks of the earnest devotion to the Master by which the speaker was inspired. It was his farewell address at Brighton :—

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE
Ephesians iii. 19.

"THE Love of Christ. This is a very great theme. Love ; changeless Love ! boundless Love ! exhaustless Love ! Do not think for one moment that, with such a theme, and nine heads to my address, I am going to keep you here to listen to a long sermon. Far from it. What I want to say will be to the point, and, for fear you should look upon it in the light of a sermon, we will not call them nine heads, but nine links ; Links of Love. We could not have a better subject on an occasion like this. We have met in Love ; we have worked together in Love ; and now we are bidding farewell in Love ; the Love of Christ. Not good-bye ; but farewell ; with a joyous realization that all here who are on the Lord's side have eternal life. It was only yesterday that an anxious soul, in response to my question—'When does eternal life begin ? ' said, 'I suppose when we die.' Oh, no ; it is now ; it begins the moment we believe—Life, eternal life ; never-ending life ; nothing to break it ; a life which shines more and more until it bursts into eternal Love.

"Death with its sting taken out is conquered ; and although there may be a momentary gloom, still that will only help to make the brightness of eternal glory brighter on the other side.

"But we have a sad contrast. Many in this large company are strangers to it. Time, like a mighty river, is bearing them upon its bosom ; thousands and tens of thousands of precious souls are swept along with irresistible force into an ocean of unknown darkness, of despair and eternal condemnation, its would-be silence broken by the groans and cries of the lost. O, awful thought, can it be ? And still it is a reality !

"We part to-night, it may be never to meet again. No farewell ; one would even say a hushed good-bye ; and as we speed on, an eternity breaks upon our vision ; but it will only be to find a fixed gulf, for ever separating the lost and the saved.

"To you, my unsaved friends, would I say a few earnest words. Let me divide them and call the first 'Love's Question' ; the second 'Love's Appeal' ; the third 'Love's Complaint.'

"LOVE'S QUESTION.

"It is a question handed down from age to age ; a question asked by the Lord of Life and Glory ; a question asked of those still dead in trespasses and sins, hurrying on to the second death, 'Why will ye die ? ' It is Life He offers, free as the air you breathe ; it is Life He has purchased by His death. O what a

cost! 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' And on the ground of what He has done—His finished work; from the risen One, and the accepted One, comes this question, 'Why will ye die?' Surely you cannot refuse it! Has the world such a hold upon you, that you are deaf to His question? Let me then point to the woundprints in His hands, and His feet, and His side; and pass on to

"LOVE'S APPEAL.

"I would ask you in the name of my once-suffering Lord, 'Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?' 'Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger.' Who can tell the sufferings of that blessed Lord? Was there ever any sorrow like unto His sorrow? Gethsemane was dark as He bent there beneath that load; sweat-drops of blood rolled down His face. But Calvary was darker, and Calvary's Cross struck a deeper note of sorrow.

"It is from this standpoint He appeals to you and bids you look back; and as you scan the past, listen to His cry, 'Is it nothing to you?'

"You have often stood by the Cross of Christ,
Hushed footfall and bated breath;
Did you ever ponder the lonely life
That closed with that strange sad death?

"My friends, may I again quote love's appeal? May I quote it with all these awful sufferings fresh on your mind, 'Is it nothing to you?'

"But we must pass on. And surely, all who are here, and who came in without Christ, must be touched with such a scene and by such love. Still, it may be, you are choosing the world and its delusions, and listening to the voice of the charmer. To you I would say one more word. Let me call it

"LOVE'S COMPLAINT.

"'And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.' This is a solemn word. God forbid that such a thing should be said of any of you. And though up to the present you have been standing the fire of this mission, and hardening your heart against Him, may this night be the beginning of days to you, as you find your way with broken heart and streaming eyes to those feet that Mary kissed, and own Him as your own personal Saviour.

"But this is a praise meeting; and surely we have much to praise God for. He has been making bare His arm, and revealing His power, and bringing scores to a saving knowledge of Himself in this favoured town of Brighton. And you, my dear friends, my brothers and sisters in Christ, let me give you a farewell word, and divide it into the following:—Love's Request, Consecration;

Love's Desire, Confession; Love's Promise, Confidence; Love's Triumphs, Conquest; and Love's Purpose, Completeness.

"LOVE'S REQUEST.

"Listen to the same voice that uttered Calvary's bitter cry. To you, rejoicing in the pure joy of His love, He comes, and presenting Himself in all His beauty, the altogether lovely One, touches with that finger of love the chord of devotion in your heart, and says, 'Follow Me.' Surely, to-night it can and must be said of you, 'And he left all, rose, and followed Him.' This is one phase of consecration, and is what He looks for and expects; and now, in the presence of His love, which brought Him—'Who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor'—to this earth, we can gladly respond, 'My Lord, my Saviour, my Friend, my King, my All, gladly do I cast aside all and surrender, gladly do I give up anything and everything for Thee; gladly will I follow, even through suffering, and, it may be, through death.'

"In these days of rampant evil, He wants a band of devoted followers who will dare anything for Him, and in His power, oppose all contrary to Him on the one hand, while on the other, they have faith that He is able to bring forth in their pure lives the Spirit's sweet fruits, and be found for His glory.

"This leads us on to the fulfilment of

"LOVE'S DESIRE.

"'Go home,' He says, 'to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee; and hath had compassion on thee.' Surely, out of the fulness of your hearts this desire will gladly be obeyed, so that it may be said of you, 'And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis (in Brighton), how great things Jesus had done for him, and all men did marvel.' This poor man out of whom He had cast a legion of devils, confessed his Master so blessedly and with such power, that when Jesus came by that way He found the people ready to receive Him. He is looking for this now, that you who 'have tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious,' may now become servants of the most High God, ever full of the Holy Ghost, and in His power publish all around what great things He has done for you, so that all men may marvel and praise Him in this town—yea, in this world—even through your instrumentality, and be found ready to receive the Lord when He comes.

"It is very necessary that we should realize that the path we are now beginning as *willing* Christians is to be a path of faith; and when we know what He has done for us, and rejoice in the fact that all things are ours, and that His promise—

"LOVE'S PROMISE—

"'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'—stands blessedly true to-day; surely we can have confidence, holy confidence, and,

taking up the words of the Apostle, we may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' It is simple trust in Him, the next step to consecration, that enables this to become experimentally real to us.

Only trust Him when thine efforts to be holy all seem vain,
Turn thy trying into trusting, and thou shalt the victory gain;
Jesus is a mighty Conqueror, and can keep thy soul from sin,
All He asks is, thou wilt let Him, and He'll make thee pure within.

"Oh! that never-failing promise, never to leave, never to forsake. God grant that the result may be seen in the restfulness of our lives.

"Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry, touch the spirit there.

"We are more than conquerors through Him, and it is

"LOVE'S TRIUMPH

we share. Oh, with what rapture to-day we can exclaim, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, "For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." Nay, "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."' Victory! Victory! Victory! is to be our constant shout. Martyrs, missionaries, evangelists, preachers, and thousands of others know what this is. Nothing to separate; no power to overcome. Even the stake, or the block, or the prison, or the rack are triumphed over. This, surely, is a victory the world knows nothing of; a victory realized and enjoyed by those whose hearts are following and trusting in Jesus. We look forward to no dark grave or gloomy night, but

"LOVE'S PURPOSE, COMPLETENESS,

the fulfilment of His power, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.'

"Yes, Jesus is coming. One by one the living stones are being added to the mystic building, His Church. One by one souls are being tied up in the bundle of life. One by one they are being gathered in from the back-slums, from the cottage, from the workhouse, from the hospital, from the mansion, from the palace, from the heathen, out of the world. What is all this for? Oh! joy unspeakable; that they may be with Him to behold His glory

as His bride, to share His throne, to praise His name for ever, and as trophies of His grace, to sing redemption's song.

"What are you looking for, my friend, let me ask you, in conclusion? What are you looking for? Is it for that 'Sweet by-and-by'? Is it for the time of daybreak, when the shadows will flee away; when we all shall be with Christ, which is far better? God grant it, and God bless you. Amen.

"He and I in that bright glory
One deep joy shall share:
Mine to be for ever with Him,
His, that I am there."

About this time Walton made his first attempts at authorship, publishing three little books upon various phases of the spiritual life. These booklets were *Rest and Victory, The Palace of My King* and *Consecration: what is it?* Of the first of these the *Sword and Trowel* remarked: "For a first book this is exceedingly good. Mr. Spencer Walton has aimed at honouring his Lord, and therefore we honour *him*."

It was the evident devotion of Spencer to this one aim of honouring the Master who had called him to the work of an evangelist that led men, even when they differed from him in opinions as to methods of work, to esteem him highly for his work's sake. His utter absence of affectation, and the manly directness of his speech won for him a hearty welcome from men who were quick to detect anything that savoured of officialism in those who proffered their ministrations. Two missions to soldiers, held respectively at Sandgate and at Aldershot, afforded striking illustration of this. At both centres the hall in which the services were held proved too strait for the crowds who sought entrance, and the blessing vouchsafed was proportionately marked. One man, reached by the Sandgate Mission, had a remarkable history. Educated for the Ministry, he had abandoned that prospect by reason of sceptical troubles, and obtained a position which took him into distant lands. This failing, he entered the army, and there found ample scope for airing

his infidel opinions in controversy with Scripture readers and others who came across his path. After repeated invitations he came to the mission, was convinced of his need of a Saviour, and of that Saviour's willingness to receive him, and with very touching penitence sought to atone for the influence of his past life by a complete surrender to the Lord Jesus of what remained.

And now for the first time a new note is struck in Walton's diary. Prolonged experience in the home mission field, while revealing the ever-present demand for evangelistic activity, threw into bold relief the still more urgent claims of the lands where as yet Christ was unknown. Slowly, very slowly, it was borne in upon him that where there was no clear call to stay the mere existence of those claims might prove the summons to go. Friends pointed to the obvious success which followed his labours at home—why need he desert those fields upon which such victories had been won for others, remote and unfamiliar, where his gifts might be used to far less advantage? To all this there could be but one reply. Long since, the disposal of his life had been placed in other hands than his own, and if He to whom that life belonged needed it in darker lands, there could be no hesitation in his response.

The first definite allusion to a possible call to the foreign field I find in the diary for October 4, 1886. After mentioning certain private matters which afforded some cause for solicitude he writes, "This . . . is all discipline and a true preparation for the foreign mission field." Similarly, at a later date he writes :—

> "This has been a trying time, but my eyes are unto Thee, O Lord. Oh that all this may prove a very real blessing and preparation for greater usefulness and being used more and more."

The growth of Walton's conviction that God was calling him "far hence," is seen in the multiplication of conferences upon the missionary functions of the Church

of Christ. The first of these in the convening of which he had a large share was held at Cardiff in the October of 1886. The Earl of Cavan presided, and the speakers included such well known leaders of evangelism as Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. J. J. Luce, of Gloucester, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse and Mr. Reginald Radcliffe. The meetings combined instruction in the spiritual life with an earnest advocacy of the claims of the heathen world. The results fully justified the conveners. Not only was there a very marked impulse given to the spiritual life of the town; many definite offers of service were registered, and a wealthy merchant expressed his willingness to provide financial help towards the sending forth of such as might be found qualified.

In the spring of the following year a similar conference, announced as dealing with two topics, "The Christian life and the claims of the heathen," was held at Cheltenham. Amongst other honoured workers was the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, who spoke with burning eloquence upon "The claims of the Lord on the service of His people among the heathen," and "The position and needs of the heathen as claiming our sympathy and help." Walton's notes upon this conference are very brief, but they indicate that there was much cause for thankfulness.

Plymouth was the next centre visited, and then Wakefield. Here the missionary conference was preceded by an evangelistic mission, and thus was emphasized the truth that we are "saved to serve." "All who were asked to the conference came, just full to overflowing, and we had not a jarring note all through. We realized a most blessed Christian unity in every way, and clergy and Nonconformists worked shoulder to shoulder." A similar absence of party spirit marked a series of meetings at Leamington. Here again Mr. Hudson Taylor was present, and although very weak physically, he proved a powerful ally in the cause. From Leamington Walton passed to Eastbourne, where a somewhat different

experience befel him. At the close of one of his addresses a clergyman rose and denounced its teaching, and warned those present against its acceptance. However, at the close of the mission week, the same man rose again, this time to acknowledge that not only had he been mistaken, but that he himself had received a blessing.

At this point we may conveniently trace the consecutive steps by which Walton was led to undertake mission work in South Africa—the land with which his name is inseparably associated. Although the first definite entry in his diary to the missionary call was dated, as we have seen, in October 1886, it had for some time prior to that been sounding with ever increasing clearness in his ears. In 1882 he visited Keswick Convention for the first time, and was the guest while there of the Rev. Canon Battersby. Under that hospitable roof he met Andrew Murray, then just becoming known to English Christians. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and Dr. Murray intimated to Walton that, should he ever feel drawn to visit South Africa, he, Dr. Murray, would be the first to welcome him in the name of the Lord. The seed fell into prepared ground, and for a long time remained hidden. In April of 1883 Walton was the guest of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, at Wellington, Somerset. There one lovely spring evening he was enjoying a quiet walk in a wood; the dying sun was filling the whole western sky with crimson glory, and the hush of eventide lay upon the land. There, then, amid the silence he heard with unmistakable clearness the call of the Master to the foreign field. Returning to the house he informed his hostess of the summons he had received. "You are not the first who has so received his call while with us here," was the reply.

The immediate outcome of this experience was the convening of the missionary conferences with which this chapter has already dealt. At the Leamington Conference one of the speakers was Mrs. Osborn (now better

known as Mrs. Osborn-Howe), who had been for some time engaged in devoted service among the soldiers in South Africa. Listening to Spencer's impassioned appeals for consecration to the cause of Christ, the conviction was borne in upon her that here was the man for whom she had been praying, who should undertake a wider work in South Africa than had been within her power to do. Long and earnestly she prayed to be guided aright, then, writing a letter to Spencer, she begged him to consider it as a definite call to South Africa.

The last evening of the conference had come, and Walton returned to his rooms filled with thankfulness at the manifest tokens of God's blessing. There lay the silent messenger at whose behest he was to step forth upon a new pathway of usefulness. But, realizing the urgent importance of absolute certainty that the call was indeed of God, he sought counsel of Hudson Taylor, Reginald Radcliffe, F. B. Meyer and other confrères. With Mr. Radcliffe, Spencer retired to Harrogate, for a quiet season of waiting upon God. The day after his arrival, he had entered his room in order to be alone with the Lord. Upon the mantelpiece lay a copy of Bogatzky's *Golden Treasury*. As he took it into his hand, it opened at a well-thumbed page. This was its message :—

"O Lord, I am like a little child, knowing neither the beginning nor the ending of my way ; but Thou being a wonderful counsellor, I think it is only my wisdom to be advised and ruled by Thee. Oh show me always Thy ways in all things, even in the least, that I may never miss to do Thy work in due season and due order. Make me such a faithful steward as not to go an inch from Thy will, but on all occasions to act and suffer according to Thy pleasure."

Walton realized then that his path was clear. Finding Mr. Radcliffe he intimated this to him, and acted at once upon this conviction. A letter was dispatched to Mrs. Osborn informing her that he could no longer doubt God's will for his immediate future ; that he was called for

South Africa, and that he hoped to sail within the next few months.

And so once more God fulfilled His promise "In all thy ways acknowledge HIM, and He shall direct thy paths." Would that all who seek to work for Him would make this assurance the regulative principle of their lives. It would conduce to that "quiet mind" which is ever a condition of the most effective service, and would honour HIM in the eyes of a restless, anxious world.

"Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

"Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil."

(WHITTIER: "My Soul and I.")

IV

AT THE CAPE

"Oh that one would give me drink of the well of Bethlehem."—
1 CHRONICLES 11. 17.

"Jesus saith . . . I thirst."—JOHN 19. 28.

I THIRST, I thirst for the precious souls
  Of the dying sons of men,
The tears that I shed on Olivet's brow
  I am shedding again and again.
My heart is the same loving heart as of yore,
  When I called but they would not come,
Altho' I have shown them My matchless love
  In dying to bring them Home.

I thirst, I thirst for the precious souls
  Of the heathen in far-off lands,
I long for more messengers full of fire
  Who can loose them from sin's cruel bands.
My voice is the same tender voice as of yore
  When I bid them come and find rest,
And my heart still beats in warmest love
  For I long to give them my best.

I thirst, I thirst for the precious souls
  Away in the haunts of vice,
Whose hearts are hardened in wickedness
  And cold as the crystal ice.
My power is the same mighty power as of yore
  When I stilled the raging sea,
When I gave to the blind his longed-for sight
  And set the demoniac free.

There are thousands still like those of old
  Who gazed on God's dying Son,
And gave Him to drink the bitter gall,
  Thus mocking the thirsty One.
His cry is still heard from the throne of our God,
  But their hearts have grown cold with sin,
While His voice is lost in the busy mart,
  Or drowned in the world's loud din.

Arouse, arouse from this sleep of death,
  And hark to the Master's cry,
Oh! I thirst, I thirst for the souls of men,
  Is there no one to satisfy?
Oh! blessing of blessings, unspeakable joy,
  To break thro' the powers of hell
And lay at His feet many precious souls
  Like water from Bethlehem's well.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER IV

At the Cape

WE have followed the steps by which Spencer was led to place himself at the Master's disposal for service in South Africa. Of his own readiness to obey the call there was never any doubt. But there was one difficulty which loomed large before him as he contemplated the severance from the homeland which that service would involve. His mother, for whom he had always entertained the greatest possible affection, was in fragile health, and he felt the responsibility of leaving her. Spencer's brother, Eliot, readily offered to accept the charge, and this seemed to be a possible solution of the difficulty. But Mrs. Walton herself made his course quite clear. "I know you want to go to South Africa," she wrote, "I shall sorely miss you, but I dare not stand in your way; by-and-by I shall have you always in Heaven; go, and God bless you."

The path upon which Walton now entered was by no means without its call for prayerful solicitude. He was to carry his Master's message into a strange land; he was the agent of no venerable society; he had had no ordination—save the "mighty ordination of the Pierced Hands"—and it was quite an open question whether the regular ministry would look favourably upon his advent. Still, he had never the slightest doubt as to the reality of his call, and that was his stay and comfort in undertaking his new commission.

"I claim His promise," he wrote, "I will go before thee and make the rugged places plain . . . that thou mayest know that I

am the LORD, which call thee by thy name, even the God of Israel."

On June 15, 1888, Walton sailed from Plymouth in the Union Company's mail steamer *Athenian*. To his great joy he found among his table companions a Mildmay deaconess, and a lady who had assisted in his Bournemouth mission six years earlier. With these, and with one or two passengers in the second saloon, he was enabled to have much Christian fellowship throughout the voyage. His witness on board was owned of God, despite some opposition from man. The usual ports of call were visited—Lisbon, Madeira, St. Helena—and Capetown was reached on July 5, after a pleasant passage of twenty days. He saw Table Mountain for the first time veiled in the mists of early morning, and soon after six was on deck, gazing with mingled feelings at the shore, and claiming even then the presence and power of the Lord who had sent him thither. His favourite text-book, *Daily Light*, which accompanied him all through the journeys of a busy life, brought him the message penned by a missionary of a long past day, who had proved its truth through many a varied scene :—" He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ? "

He was not allowed to be the prey of any feelings of loneliness. As the vessel approached the quay a little group waved to him their welcome to African shores. There stood Andrew Murray, looking somewhat older than when he and Walton had held long converse by the shores of Derwentwater. There, too, stood Mrs. Osborn, whose prayers had had much to do with Walton's coming there, and with these was Mr. Howe, who was to prove so valued a comrade in the days to come. Mr. Murray grasped Walton's hand as soon as he reached the vessel's deck, and his first utterance was one of deep thankfulness that at last the prayers of years were answered.

It was not long before Spencer was " inspanned "—

to use a South African term with which he was soon to be familiar. At half-past six the same evening he was welcomed by some sixty of the ministers and leading Christian workers of Capetown, and the cordiality of their greeting quite dispelled any misgivings he might have had. One hour later the public meeting of welcome was held, and here too he was re-assured. Mr. Murray and Mr. Howe had arranged a series of missions to be held at various centres throughout the colony, commencing in Capetown itself.

The record of that memorable month is an inspiration. The work began in the hall of the Y.M.C.A. This at once proved inadequate, and the Metropolitan Wesleyan Church, a large and beautiful building, was placed at the missioner's disposal. This in turn proved far too small, and the Exhibition building was secured. This accommodated 2,000, and even so, many night by night were turned away. So widespread was the influence of the mission that special trams and trains were run for the convenience of residents in the suburbs. A lady worker of great experience of work in South Africa writes :—

"Over five hundred names were given in at the close of this mission of those who professed conversion. Many of the most earnest consecrated workers in South Africa to-day date their conversion from this time."

With great regret Walton concluded the work at Capetown. A very real sympathy quickly made itself manifest between him and the Cape people. He appreciated their hearty spirit of friendliness, and the generous hospitality for which they are renowned ; they on their part welcomed the evangelist from England who, without any air of officiousness, and with transparent earnestness, sought only their highest good. But other work awaited him at Simon's Town, Wynberg, Mowbray, and Stellenbosch. This last-named place is characteristically Dutch. It was founded so far back as 1679 by Simon van der

Stel, then Governor of the Cape, and still preserves his name and the maiden name of his wife, a member of the Bosch family. Walton describes it at length :—

"The town is very Dutch in appearance. Old Dutch houses side by side, broad streets with trees and a stream of water along each side. The Market house, old powder magazine, and lock-up still stand, 193 years old. The place is full of grand oaks, planted by the early settlers ; the colleges are very fine, and the Theological seminary a good building. Here the young men are trained for the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church, and I found a goodly number looking forward to missionary work."

By the time Walton had reached this part of his new field, the conviction had been borne in upon him that a South African Mission, the child of no denomination, but the ally of all, would find in the sub-continent a grand scope for devoted work for God. The burden of the heathen had for some time, as we have seen, been laid upon his heart. Not less did he yearn over the hundreds of whites of all classes, who were apparently quite unreached by the existing religious agencies. The blessing which attended his missions at Wellington, Paarl, Worcester, Grahamstown and Kimberley only served to deepen this conviction, and the many entries in his diary show that it was the burden of many hours of prayer. At Kimberley one immediate result of his work was the establishment of a branch of the Y.M.C.A., and all he saw of the young men of South Africa confirmed his belief that such a Mission as he now contemplated might prove of untold value.

By October 10th he was back in Capetown for a concluding series of meetings prior to his return to England. He took the opportunity of a consultation with Mr. Andrew Murray, and this devoted worker has for long maintained such intimate relations with the South Africa General Mission that Spencer's estimate of his worth will be read with interest. Writing at Wellington, Mr. Murray's home, he says :—

"This is a Bethany indeed, just fragrant with the Master's presence. Mr. Murray seems to live in heaven, and certainly heaven is in him, and with it all there is such a perfect simplicity and humility and a joyful willingness to be the servant of all. . . . It has been a privilege to work with him, and our talks have been most searching to my own heart. He has led me to see and realize more of the Blessed life. We talked much about 'Christ in us,' and he thinks that there is much more to be realized than many at present teach. . . . Once or twice I had to throw myself on my knees in my bedroom, and cry to God for more truth in the inward parts and more true holiness. This visit has been a season of untold blessing to my soul."

Mr. Murray thus expressed his convictions in the columns of *The Christian*:—

"We do bless God that He has put into the heart of His servant the thought of giving himself entirely to South Africa, and are looking forward to much blessing if his purpose be realized. I believe there are wonderful openings for evangelistic work, both in the large new centres such as Kimberley and Johannesburg, and in all our colonial towns. There is hardly a place where one or more ministers will not be found who will rejoice to have a visit from time to time from one so fitted to help in rousing believers and gathering in those who are outside. And if the prospect should be realized that Capetown should at the same time be made the centre of home mission work, whence other towns might be guided and helped, a work might be accomplished of which it is difficult to calculate the consequence. We shall wait upon God to remove every difficulty out of the way, and trust that our brethren in England will help Mr. Spencer Walton forward in prayer in the work he hopes to undertake."

Not only did Mr. Murray heartily sympathize with Spencer's suggestion; another indication of the will of God was seen in an offer made spontaneously by Mrs. Osborn at this time. It will be remembered that that lady had been carrying on a fruitful work among soldiers, sailors, and others. She now proposed that this work should be the basis of the proposed Mission, and more and more clearly Walton perceived the great possibilities awaiting development.

The day before he embarked upon his return voyage to England he was the recipient of a letter of thanks for his services, couched in the most affectionate terms

and signed by sixteen ministers and workers of Capetown and district. The closing words of the address expressed the thankfulness of the signatories for his visit to South Africa, and their earnest desire to see the proposed Mission an accomplished fact.

On October 17, Walton sailed for England, his heart full of gratitude for what God had wrought, and yearning over the multitudes who were indeed as sheep not having a shepherd.

"On my voyage home, as I sat with the map of Africa before me, my eyes fell upon Swazieland, with its tens of thousands of heathen. Putting my finger on the spot I could not help exclaiming 'Swazieland for Christ,' little knowing that before long we should have two stations in that neglected country."

Arrived in England Walton took counsel with tried and trusted Christian friends, some of whom had personal knowledge of South Africa, and laid before them the scheme which had so long occupied his thoughts and prayers. The ultimate result was the formation, on March 12, 1889, of THE CAPE GENERAL MISSION. The office of Chairman of the Council was accepted by Mr. T. B. Miller (since deceased); Mr. H. W. Maynard became treasurer, a post he still holds; Mr. A. Day undertook the onerous duties of the secretariat; and Mr. A. A. Head (now Chairman of Council) was also present.

Preparations for the dispatch of the first Mission party were at once proceeded with. Meetings were held in various parts of the country, and everywhere tokens of prayerful and practical sympathy were forthcoming. At length the personnel of the party was complete. Messrs. Dudley Kidd, Malcolmson, Coates and Jackson, were Walton's comrades in the Mission. Only one lady worker accompanied them, and of her we must now speak.

In 1887 Spencer was conducting a mission at Buxton, and there met a bright Christian girl, Kathleen Mary Dixon, who, having been brought to Christ at Keswick

through the instrumentality of the late Rev. C. A. Fox, learned also at Keswick the secret of the consecrated life. At once she sought to translate into actual practice what she had so learned, and undertook city mission work at Manchester. Truly humble and of a retiring disposition, she was much blessed of God in this service, and many still remain in that district who can say of her, "She led me to the Saviour." The affection that sprang up between herself and Walton deepened, and when asked by him to share his work and home in South Africa, she entered heartily into his hopes and aims. On June 5, 1889, they were married.

At Mildmay that summer, and at Keswick, large and enthusiastic gatherings met under the auspices of the newly formed mission. That at Keswick met on the beautiful Friar's Crag under the leadership of the Rev. F. B. Meyer. No less enthusiasm was manifested at meetings held in London, where the Metropolitan Tabernacle was placed at the disposal of the Mission by Mr. Spurgeon, who himself presided, and contributed £25 to its funds.

The last farewell was taken at a crowded meeting held in Exeter Hall on August 14, two days before the party sailed. Those who had the privilege of being present will not soon forget the sense of God's presence which prevailed. Mr. S. Gurney Sheppard presided, and from the first helped the audience to realize they had come together upon the business of the King. The first speaker was a Mr. Schreiner, who, with twelve years' experience of Kimberley, was able to speak with deep earnestness of the needs of the distant land. In the visit of Mr. Walton, he said, he discerned the hand of God, in the formation of the C.G.M. a distinct answer to prayer. The members of the Mission party spoke in turn, and all were then commended to the keeping of God by Mr. A. A. Head. On August 16 they sailed, and the Cape General Mission had commenced its career.

V

THE CAPE GENERAL MISSION

My Saviour—I will never doubt
His tender, loving will,
That heart of love would ne'er conceive
To do His children ill.

When clouds are dark, there shines a bow,
With many a coloured hue,
And as I gaze I love to know
That God is looking too.

I cannot always trace His ways
Through cloud, through storm, through calm,
But this I *know ;* if he should wound,
I *always* have His balm.

And through the darkness of the night
My pillow is His breast ;
My bed—His everlasting arms ;—
Oh, this is perfect rest !

He tells me of His changeless love,
A love that knows no ill ;
What can I do but stoop and kiss
His sweet and sacred will ?

So on I go—soon, soon to see,
With loved ones gone before,
Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
On yonder glory shore.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER V

The Cape General Mission

IT would be an easy task to adduce instances of great achievements for God which originated in very humble beginnings. Did not the greatest of all, and that from which all others have derived their inspiration, find its earliest cradle in a manger? It is as though God would emphasize the great spiritual law which pervades His kingdom: "Not by might, nor by power, but BY MY SPIRIT, saith the Lord of Hosts." The Cape General Mission was no exception to this law. The little band of half a dozen workers which landed in Capetown in September 1889 found itself face to face with a task of no little magnitude, for which its material equipment was of the slenderest. But then, they were "going forward, God FIRST," confident that He who had sent them forth would make their needs His care. Nor were they disappointed. One who sympathized with the work placed at the disposal of the Mission a small loft, for which no rent was asked. This loft, approached through a backyard, and reached by a ladder which had seen better days, was the first Office of the Mission. The appointments were no less primitive. Packing cases made excellent desks, and space which might have been occupied by more pretentious furniture afforded more room for workers who realized their need of prayer. For effective work a hall of some sort was indispensable, and this need was brought to God in persevering prayer. The Y.M.C.A. had a hall capable

of seating 300, but as it was occupied as a gymnasium two nights a week, and constantly in demand for lectures and other purposes, it was not available for any continuous work. It had been decided by the committee of the Y.W.C.A. to alter their existing premises, when a site, suitable in every way for the purposes of the Mission came into the market. A generous citizen of Capetown, Mr. J. A. Bam, who had presented the building in which the Y.W.C.A. was housed, at once offered to buy the site, and put up buildings for the Cape General Mission at a nominal charge, on condition that it was placed at the disposal of the Y.W.C.A. once a week. Gladly the offer was accepted, and on January 7, 1890, the memorial stones of the new building were laid by Mrs. Osborn, Miss McGill, and Mr. J. A. Bam respectively.

"This present building," said the President, the Rev. Andrew Murray, "occupies a different position from the existing churches and chapels. Those represent the various sections of Christ's Church in this colony, but this building will be a link with the old country. This marks an advance. Before the C.G.M. had its home it was like a bird on the wing; now it has settled amongst us. While it will not interfere with any existing organization it will be the centre of the C.G.M., an English Mission to meet some of the needs of South Africa."

On May 13 the Hall was opened for the work of the Mission. Again Mr. Murray presided, and the thronged gatherings throughout the day augured well for the future usefulness of the building. The opening services were followed by a week of special meetings with the twofold object of bringing the needs of South Africa before the residents of Capetown, and of deepening the spiritual life of God's people therein. From the first the Mission kept in the forefront the imperative need of Spirit-filled workers if the work was to accomplish the purposes of God.

But amid the joy with which the new advance was made there mingled a deep undertone of sorrow. Three

weeks before the opening of the Hall, Spencer had passed through the deepest waters he yet had known. On March 9, his home had been gladdened by the advent of a son, named Murray in honour of the President of the Mission. Some days later Mrs. Walton's health gave considerable anxiety, and despite the most loving care she slowly sank and passed away on March 24.

One must not intrude into such sacred sorrow, but at least it may be said that the brief married life had been of the most unclouded happiness. When father and mother looked into the face of their precious gift, Mrs. Walton exclaimed: "Our cup is full; isn't it nice that we have given him to Jesus." Though her period of service in South Africa was so brief, into it she had crowded much loving care for others, and the news of her home call brought the most poignant grief to many a heart. When the coffin was borne into the Metropolitan Wesleyan Church in Capetown it was entirely hidden beneath the floral offerings proffered by those who had known the blessed influence of her fragrant life. Mr. Murray conducted the service, and spoke in tenderest wise from the Master's radiant assurance, "I am the Resurrection and the life." From the crowded church the mourners passed to the cemetery at Mowbray. There, in the hush of the autumn eventide, earnest words were spoken to the many who stood by that open grave, and one who was present says: "There was a feeling of triumph that the grave had not the victory, and as we looked up into the deepening sky we seemed almost to see the freed spirit, gone to be with Him who had been making her like Himself. Many hearts breathed the prayer that those about that grave who did not know Jesus might listen to the earnest pleading, might listen to her who being dead yet spoke, and learn the secret of victory." As Spencer turned away from the grave, a woman who had been won for Christ from a life of shame by the dear one at rest approached him

and said: "Oh, sir, you know what she was to me," and bursting into tears, she was gone.

In January, 1904, Spencer and I spent a long afternoon together in the beautiful grounds of Groot Schuur, the well-known residence of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and before returning to town we visited the grave in Mowbray cemetery. This was almost the last occasion on which we were together before Spencer's sailing for England —then we parted, he to further work for the Mission at home and in America, and I returning to my charge in Natal.

Among Mrs. Walton's papers were found some lines, as far as can be gathered the only ones preserved from her pen. They were as follows:—

"At his feet, at His feet,
Resting place divinely sweet.
Heaven on earth to there abide,
Pardoned, cleansed, and sanctified.
Well content those feet to kiss,
But He lifts to greater bliss.

In His arms; in His arms;
Rest sublime; and are there charms
Earth can vaunt to break this peace,
Or can cause His love to cease?
No; for changeless is that will
And He draws me closer still.

On His breast; on His breast,
On His very heart to rest,
Looking upward in His face,
Bending low with radiant grace.
Clasped so closely to His side
There abiding satisfied.

The verses prefixed to this chapter were written by Spencer himself about this time.

Throughout this period of trial Walton was wonderfully sustained by his Master's presence, and the work thus consecrated by the young life laid down appealed to him with more imperious voice than ever. But the

most enthusiastic devotion to a cause, however sacred, is limited by physical capacity, and reluctantly he was compelled to acknowledge that the strain of the initial work of the Mission, followed by the sorrow which had darkened his home, demanded relaxation forthwith if future work was to be accomplished. For, it must be borne in mind, upon him as Director had devolved the responsibility of placing in the most favourable positions the workers who had responded to his call for volunteers, and in most cases this could only be accomplished by personal reconnaissance of the strategic points selected. The tours undertaken for this purpose were crowded with evangelistic work, and it soon became apparent that the Cape General Mission was something more than a name. In July of 1890 medical suggestions could be no longer ignored, and Spencer left for rest and recuperation in England. With him travelled his sister, charged with the care of the little motherless bairn.

Here we may give some account of the chief features in the inception of the Mission. Between the date of landing in South Africa and January, 1890, Walton's journeys covered some 3,000 miles. One worker was assigned to Kimberley, Mr. Malcolmson to Winburg, in the (then) Free State; Mr. Coates was placed in charge of the work amongst the railway men, black and white, at Norval's Pont, where a great bridge across the Orange River was in course of construction, while the Director and his colleague, Mr. Dudley Kidd, held missions at many centres, including Kimberley, Beaconsfield and Beaufort West.

The scene of labour at Kimberley is best described in the missionary's own words :—

"The compound at De Beer's is a large inclosure of say two acres, on all sides of which are houses or wards in which the men live. In the centre of the square are one large washing bath, one clothes washing tank, and a tank for drinking water. Close to is the wood pile, and the men are allowed as much wood as they

choose to burn. At one end is our chapel and the stores, and at the other, the comfortable and well-kept hospital. Food, stimulants, milk and medicines are all supplied to the patients free of cost by the Company. Over each bed hangs a slate on which is written name, tribe, and disorder or injury of the sufferer lying beneath. Many suffer from pneumonia, but the majority of the cases are slight injuries received in the underground workings of the mine. . . . We held service this morning in a little shed into which 58 were packed. We should have been very comfortable but the smoke from the wood fire terrified my eyes and tried my voice. We went straight on and tried not to bother about the discomfort. To see these rings of dusky faces and shining black eyes repaid us well, they were so attentive and sang as well as they could (but it was bad at the best). A good deal of prejudice has disappeared."

Mr. Coates' work at Norval's Pont presented features of no less interest :—

"The sin and drunkenness of this place is very great; pay-day, which comes once a month, is a time when fighting, swearing, and even murder seem to be the characteristics of the camp. I met a man who was working here; on pay-day he drew not quite £17 as his month's pay. After receiving his money he first went to a canteen and paid his month's drink bill, which amounted to £9. This was on the Thursday, and on the Saturday afternoon I found the man had spent his last shilling on drink, and had not tasted food that day. This is not the worst case, but one which is very, very common here. Our meetings at the present time are two on Sunday, the morning meeting being for the coloured people, some of whom walk as far as 27 miles to attend it. At night the service is for whites, but Sunday labour prevents a large number from assembling, even where the wish exists."

The mission services of Walton and his colleague were marked by much blessing. That at Beaufort West was greatly owned of God. The services at first were held in the Town Hall, but this was quite inadequate and adjournment was made to the large Dutch Reformed Church. The feature of the work here was the utter absence of all excitement and the deep, lasting results which followed.

The state of Walton's health proved to be much more serious than he had cared to believe, and in January,

1891, the organ of the Mission, the *South African Pioneer*, announced that his progress had been slow and that it would be March or April of that year before he could hope to be back at his post. Though return to Africa was delayed, he was able to do much to create interest in Great Britain in the work of the Mission.

The May number of the *Pioneer* opened with a letter from Walton's pen. After expressing his thankfulness at being once more amidst his fellow-workers, he passed in review the developments of the work which had taken place in his absence. He found sailors and soldiers well provided for; the railway work rapidly increasing; missions in Swazieland and the Transkei in good working order; nurses and deaconesses housed in a more roomy dwelling; and a Book-room occupied in circulating literature of the best type. To his great joy also he found that Mr. Frank Huskisson, who had rendered valuable service in his spare time, had given up his business in order to devote his whole time to the work.

A series of welcome meetings had been organized, Mr. Murray again taking the lead. The hearty welcome given could not but assure him that much yet remained for him to do. Full of hope, he took up the burden, and succeeding chapters must tell how well he bore it to the end.

VI

A TOUR IN SWAZIELAND

TEN thousand times ten thousand!
  And thousands, thousands more!
With voices never tiring,
  Are singing o'er and o'er
One blessed never-ceasing strain:
  "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Their sorrows all are over,
  Their tears are wiped away,
No night, with all its darkness,
  But cloudless, endless day;
The former things are passed and gone.
  They stand in heaven's eternal morn.

List! list! what are they singing—
  Those multitudes up there?
The marriage song of Heaven
  Is ravishing the air!
The Church, for whom the Saviour died,
  Is now with Him, His spotless Bride.

On earth He wooed and won her
  With words of love divine,
He cleansed her from all sin-stains,
  And whispered, "Thou art Mine";
Now, clothed in bridal garments fair,
  She dwells with Him for ever there.

His bitter pain and sorrow
  Are things of other days;
The heart which bled on Calvary
  Is healed and full of praise;
Rejoiced to have His Bride up there,
  And all His glory bid her share.

Strike, strike the harps of heaven!
  Roll out, ye seraph throng,
In one grand voice of triumph,
  The Bridegroom's nuptial song!
He greets at last His blood-bought Bride,
  He rests in her—*is satisfied.*

W. S. W.

CHAPTER VI

A Tour in Swazieland

IT will be remembered that on the homeward voyage, at the close of Walton's first visit to the Cape, he pondered long and earnestly the map of South Africa, and felt his sympathy drawn out for the long neglected little province known as Swazieland. The story of the Mission's enterprise therein is now to be told.

Swazieland lies to the north and north-west of Zululand, hemmed in between the Lebombo mountains on the east, and the Transvaal on the west. It is not a large district, as areas go in Africa, covering not more than 6,600 square miles. The country is intersected by numerous streams, hurrying down to the sea at Delagoa Bay from their source in the Randberg, a prolongation of the better known Drakensberg. Numbers of white men have been attracted to the district by the rich finds of gold and coal; the natives, to the number of 85,000, are a fine race of men of Bantu stock. Since 1904 Swazieland has been under British protection.

The commencement of the Mission here is best told in Spencer's own words :—

"Over fifty years ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, a solitary shepherd was tending his flock, alone to the outward eye, but on that lonely moor he knew the sweet companionship of his Lord. The sun was setting, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the sweet heather. On his knees, his head buried in his plaid, the shepherd was pleading with his God. It was no unusual experience with that old highlander. Many a time the hush had been broken by the strong cries and prayers of that servant of God. He was pleading for God's blessing on Africa's unevangelized millions.

Little did he know of the dark continent, but in that dark mine of sin he knew there were precious gems to be found for the Master's crown. One day the moor missed the old saint—the bleating sheep had lost their master, and the faithful collie his friend. He had entered into the joy of his Lord. But his prayers were registered, and one day they were to be answered.

* * * * *

"In 1889 we were in Sunderland, and there visited one of God's people, living in humble circumstances, who was most anxious to see some one from Africa, as her daughter and her son-in-law were both in the Transvaal. Although engaged in business they were spending all their spare time in working for Christ among the surrounding heathen. Their diary was read to us, and we learned how their hearts were yearning for freedom from business that they might devote their lives to mission work. Living in a town (Barberton) two days' ride north of Swazieland, their hearts seemed especially drawn to that dark country. John Baillie wrote that every Sunday he spent an hour on the Barberton hills, looking towards Swazieland, and crying to God for the Swazies. Already he had been blessed to not a few heathen in his night-school for natives, but the thousands of Swazies with only one mission station in their whole country oppressed him. We little thought when on the steamer we claimed Swazieland for Christ, that this was the way God was to answer our prayers. John Baillie and his wife became our pioneer missionaries in Swazieland, and thus God answered the prayers of his saintly grandfather, the old highland shepherd, who, on the lonely moor, had day by day pleaded with God for the dying millions of Africa."

Mrs. Spencer Walton had fully entered into her husband's solicitude for Swazieland, and workers belonging to the C.G.M. remember that that name was more often upon her lips than that of any other part of Africa. It was felt, therefore, when she was called to higher service, that no more fitting memorial of her could be designed than the establishment of a Mission in Swazieland. We told, a few lines above, how Mr. John Baillie undertook this responsibility. The following account of the inauguration of the work is largely indebted to Mr. Kidd's articles, "Swazieland for Christ."

"On Wednesday, June 24, 1891, we left Barberton, full of praise and expectation. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Baillie and their baby boy, David the interpreter, and two boys to help in building, etc. We fondly dreamed that a week would see us

in the centre of Swazieland, about eight miles from Bremersdorp, but we took twenty-two days instead in reaching our goal. . . . Whenever we had a chance we held services in the kraals. Sometimes the kraals were closed against our preaching, as the headmen feared to admit us lest they should get into trouble with Embekleweni, the central place of the nation. . . . As soon as we reached our spot of land we set to work and put up our house. In a day and a half it was up and ready to inhabit."

The headman of the district seems to have been much annoyed because his permission had not been sought before building operations had been commenced. The missionary party had taken the precaution to secure the permission of Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, then acting as adviser to the Swazies, and had deemed that sufficient.

"On the Sunday morning we found a motley crew marching down upon us. In front was the headman, dressed in a very shabby old hat of conical shape, and a dirty flannel shirt. He was riding on a dilapidated old pony. Behind him came twelve men, armed with assegais and shields. In front was a boy carrying a musket, held by the muzzle so as to be more imposing. Another Swazie carried a broken old cavalry sword. This armed force sat down on the grass in a semi-circle, and we handed the headman a chair. All sat in perfect silence. At last we broke the silence by wishing him 'Good morning' in Swazie. He returned the salutation, and after another pause the right-hand man arose and took out a dirty envelope from his belt, and in silence handed it to us."

This proved to be a letter from Mr. Shepstone :—"The Trustee of the Swazie nation requests me to say that no one can build or squat on his land without first consulting me at Embekleweni. Signed, Theophilus Shepstone. Adviser to the Swazie nation." Evidently some misrepresentation had been made, and there was no alternative but for Messrs. Kidd and Baillie to set out at once for Embekleweni, distant some ten miles over the mountains. On arrival it was found that the letter had been intended for a party of traders who had been complained of for intruding into the headman's grounds. Mr. Shepstone advised the missionaries that legally they had every right to stay where they were,

but that he feared the headman's influence would utterly prevent any natives from attending the services, and the matter ended by their renting a plot of land, in every way suitable, for fifty years at an annual rental of five pounds. This plot is on the Usuti River, and only a few miles distant from the royal kraals. There was built the little memorial station "Bethany," by means of which it was hoped to carry on the work so dear to the heart of the worker it commemorated.

In November, 1891, Spencer realized a long cherished wish to visit this new centre of light. He was accompanied by Mr. Murray, and the two comrades were most cordially received at the various points en route at which evangelistic meetings had been arranged. At Vryheid, at Johannesburg, and at Pretoria large crowds assembled, and much blessing was experienced. On November 20 Walton heads the page in his diary with the note "A memorable day." And for him it was so indeed, for on that day he crossed the border into Swazieland, the country for which he had prayed so long, and with which the name of his loved one was now so closely associated. The difficulties of the day's march were by no means small. The country was exceedingly mountainous, three rivers intervened between the start and the goal, and a series of thunderstorms throughout the day rendered travelling anything but pleasant. The night of the 20th was spent at the mission station of the Rev. Joel Jackson, of the S.P.G., who for ten years had held the fort at that lonely spot. The task had been heavy, but not altogether without result, as the travellers found a well-built church, a congregation of about 100, and a communicants' roll of 30. Early on the 21st they set out upon the last stage of their journey.

"Half an hour after our start we came upon a regiment of 400 or 500 Swazie warriors in full uniform, with knobkerries, assegais and shields. They were a splendid lot of men, and all at work hoeing the king's land. Suddenly, as we watched, the hoeing

being finished, weapons were seized, the men fell in eight deep, and with a weird chant started on their march to the king's kraal. I hear that at hoeing time the king sends for them from the furthest part of his kingdom, and they come at once. Their devotion to the king is quite remarkable."

The next paragraph has the entry: "OVER THE LAST HILL, AND BETHANY CAME IN VIEW." The travellers were most warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, and from the little group of workers deep and sincere thanksgiving ascended in the hush of the evening. The memorial station was of the humblest description. It consisted of two houses, or rather sheds, one of the construction known in South Africa as "wattle and daub"—that is, of interwoven sticks, covered with a plaster of mud—and one of corrugated iron, the universal building material in the less settled parts of the country. The news very quickly spread that the "head preacher" had come, and Walton tells of the reception he met with:—

"My visitors flocked round the door and window, some with very bright merry faces, but all dark in heathenism. . . . Two headmen and 25 others gathered round to hear what the white man had to say. Baillie spoke first, then he sang, then I had a talk with them through the interpreter. I told them the old message of grace, and then, pointing to a picture of my wife, told them about her desire for their salvation, and that while she was now with Jesus, she would, were she with us, plead with them to come to her Saviour. All were hushed and still. Then I asked for questions, and it wound up with the usual remark about obtaining permission from the king. . . . At 3 o'clock we started for the queen's kraal, about four miles off. On arrival at the kraal we found it contained about 1,200 Swazies. In the centre was the cattle kraal, and all about were the huts divided off by reed fences, a perfect maze of little streets. Kemp (the interpreter) soon fetched out the headmen or indunas; they came forth in a most dignified manner. The youngest of them was but 21, having been recently made induna at the death of his father, receiving at the same time two young wives. The others were all old men. We were told to wait while they asked the queen's permission, but they kept us only a very short time, and through the maze we turned sharp round and all sat down in a semi-circle; I was in the middle, Baillie on my right, and indunas on each

side, the young one sitting at the hole by which they crawl in and out. Presently the talking commenced in earnest, and her majesty asked to shake hands with me. I told her I had come from England, where the greatest queen on earth reigned, and described London and its greatness to her, which produced exclamations of astonishment. Then I went on to tell them what had brought me there, and how my wife and I had prayed for the Swazies. I told them how she had died, then, pausing, handed round her photograph. They eagerly gazed on it and said, 'How young and beautiful!' Then they asked me if it did not pain me to keep her face. I pointed above, telling them where she was, and said I should meet her again, and so gave them a bit of the Gospel. We then tried to explain to the queen that our desire was only to do them good, assuring her that we wanted no concessions, nor to take money nor to trade in any way, but simply to lead them to our God and Saviour. To all this she listened, but said she feared to give her consent, though she felt most friendly. We spoke of sending a medical missionary, which evidently 'took.' We then had to go, and she handed me a bracelet as a present, much to our surprise. . . . As we were leaving the kraal we met the witch doctor, going in to see the queen. He had snake skins round his head, charms round his neck, and hanging from his waist, consisting of roots, goats' horns, bladders, and I know not what else. We long to see the power of these men broken."

The time passed all too quickly, for there were many matters of importance to be discussed, and lines of advance to be studied. It was agreed that the site chosen for the station was on the whole favourable, but that a house more suited to the climate was indispensable. As ever, too, the urgent need for workers was vividly realized, and Walton left the little mission house with the needs of Swazieland more clamant in his ears than ever. His diary for November 23 describes the farewell :—

"The weird chant of the Swazies was the music that awoke me. Oh for these Swazies' souls. Up at 4.30 and packed. Baillie left at five to walk (ten miles) to the Jacksons' mission house. After prayer with Mrs. Baillie, we bade her good-bye, leaving the dear soul in tears. How little do our friends in England realize what true isolation is. I can indeed say that this trip has opened my eyes to Christians' selfishness. God bless Baillie and his little wife."

Sixteen years have sped since these words were written, and what is the position in Swazieland to-day? The one little station has grown to five; Bethany, Hebron, Hermon, Ezulwini, and Embabaan. In addition to these, four of which are held by European missionaries, there are several out-stations in charge of native Christians. In some cases the work has been spontaneously undertaken by natives, who, realizing what the Gospel has proved to themselves, have gone forth to proclaim that Gospel to their fellows.

Mr. Baillie and his wife still live and labour for the Swazies, and Mr. Coates, one of the original party, is with his wife at Bethany. So year by year the sowing is patiently carried on in the full assurance that no word of God shall return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that which He shall please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto He sends it.

VII

EXTENSION OF THE WORK—VISIT TO BASUTOLAND

"The gospel . . the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—ROM. I. 16.

CHAPTER VII

Extension of the Work—Visit to Basutoland

IN the *Pioneer* for January, 1893, Walton struck a keynote of glad thanksgiving for the past and of quiet optimism for the future. At the head of his editorial notes he grouped three suggestive texts of Scripture :—

"Lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing."
"He led them forth by the right way."
"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Then followed his acknowledgment of grace given and need supplied.

"The opening year invariably finds us on the watch tower. We look back upon the way our unerring Lord and Master has led us. It has been a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey, a 'land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills,' a land where we have eaten bread without scarceness, and have not lacked anything in it. He has been our Guide, our Way, our Protector, our Provision, He has been our All in every step of the way, and now we look forward and our eyes still look upon Him for He is the same, yesterday, to-day, aye, beyond to-day, for ever. There has been no scarceness, and what He has done can only be expressed by those words, 'Exceedingly abundantly above all we can ask or think.' What He has been and what He is words fail to express. We have drawn from Him sweet supplies, enough to spare, after trials of faith which have brought forth our patience and courage and revealed God's faithfulness; and while we do not know what may happen during this New Year, we know HIM and that is more than enough :—

'Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.'

"As a Mission He has signally blessed us, and we praise Him for all. We have extended in a remarkable way for so

young a Mission, especially in our work among the heathen. It is a sowing time, we grant, but the day will come when we shall return rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us. Like other Missions we have been long sowing; we are unable to speak of many heathen brought to Christ, but we rejoice at the prospects in Swazieland, where some who were indifferent have become thoughtful; in Vryheid and Barberton, where our native evangelists are meeting with acceptance; in Pretoria, where we have gathered our firstfruits in conversion of two Zulus and increased attendance at the schools and services; and at Kimberley, where our missionary is toiling on under the burning sun, in spite of camp fever and resultant weakness. All these call for a note of praise and encourage us to expect the greater things promised during the year upon which we have just entered."

At this time it was felt that the extension of the Mission required the services of a Secretary for South Africa, and it was regarded as a direct answer to prayer when that post was accepted by the Rev. Walter Searle, who after thirteen years' ministerial experience in Birmingham, accepted the invitation of the Council, and sailed in November, 1892, to assume his new duties.

In February Walton held a mission in the little town of Worcester. It is situated in the centre of a plain entirely surrounded by the glorious Nieuwveldt Mountains. All the streets are parallel, and at right angles, lined with the beautiful blue-gum, or eucalyptus trees. Charming white houses, with gardens and hedges of plumbago surrounding them, make up a scene which for quiet beauty and rural simplicity is not easily surpassed. The large Dutch church, pure white and gleaming in the golden sunshine, stands like a sentinel in the centre of the village, and it was in connexion with this church that the mission was held, the Rev. William Murray, brother of Dr. Andrew Murray, being the pastor. Though the mission only lasted nine days the fruit was abundant. As it ever must be, if results are to follow, earnest and continued preparation had been made, and God honoured His people's faith. Children's services were held, and a good work was done among the pupils of the Girls' Seminary.

Nor was the blessing confined to Worcester. The claims of the heathen were earnestly and solemnly enforced, and there resulted, not only material contribution, but better still, offers of personal service as the Lord should open the way.

Here may fittingly be reviewed the progress of the Cape General Mission, as still it was known. Its birthday was, as we have seen, in August, 1889. By April, 1893, its workers numbered no less than forty-four. Of these twelve were deaconesses, and eight were engaged in nursing. The work had spread from the little hall in Capetown to Kimberley, Barberton, Pretoria, Vryheid, Swazieland, and the Transkei. But, cheering though this development was to the heart of the man who had yearned and prayed it into existence, there were regions beyond which still dumbly called for light. Bounded on the east by Griqualand East and Natal, and on the west by the Orange River Colony, intersected by the upper waters of the Orange River, lies the picturesque land of the Basutos, the Switzerland of South Africa. Thither Spencer had for some time turned eyes of longing, and in March, 1893, crossed the border for the purpose of making a reconnaissance. He was accompanied by Mr. (now the Reverend) C. Sampson, and their journey presented many features of interest.

The Basuto people are of the same race—the Bantu—as the Kafirs, but are superior to them in intelligence and in industry. Their political significance is largely due to the energy of their chief Moshesh, who may be said to have founded the nation out of remnants of tribes destroyed by Chaka, and to have consolidated it by his bravery, wise rule, and generosity. For forty years he carried on a stubborn warfare with Briton and Boer, occupying, like Theodore of Abyssinia, a rocky fastness, Thaba Bosigo, which proved impregnable to his white assailants. So many years of resistance left their mark upon his people, and despite a treaty with the Free

State in 1866, Moshesh found himself two years later reduced to the last stage of distress. Some 2,000 of his followers had been killed or dispersed, villages had been destroyed and crops ruined, and the Basuto people had become a crowd of starving refugees. In his extremity Moshesh turned to Great Britain :—" Let me and my people rest and live under the large folds of the flag of England, before I am no more." Accordingly, despite the protest of the Free State, Basutoland, by proclamation of March, 1868, became British territory. In 1871 the country was annexed to the Cape Colony. This was the position until 1884, when at the request of the Basutos themselves they passed under the direct control of the Crown.

It was to these people that Messrs. Walton and Sampson paid a visit in March and April, 1893. We allow Walton's diary to tell his story.

" At 4.30, March 21, we entered Basutoland, and knelt in prayer. Some Basuto women watched us as we knelt on the grass, and cried to God for Basutoland, its devoted missionaries, native converts and heathen. We were at once struck with the contrast between the country and that in Cape Colony. No long straggling farms with acres wasted, but splendid mealie fields, and hundreds of well-fed oxen and cows, while the Basuto ponies were a great source of admiration. These are fine little beasts, very sure-footed and hardy, and very fleet indeed. We saw scores of villages, mostly on the mountain side, and some almost inaccessible. The neat huts—such a contrast to some I have seen in Swazieland—were made of mud, fenced and thatched with reed. The thatching is a good protection, for the storms here are very severe indeed.

" In all my South African travels I have never seen such perfect cultivation or such splendid cattle. The Basutos themselves are a fine people, and above the average of African tribes. A Basuto stopped us, told us in good English he was a policeman, and asked us if we carried any spirits. Directly he heard we were missionaries he allowed us to pass, and informed us he was himself a Christian.

" Next day, after some hours' hard riding, we came in sight of Morijah, nestling under a grand mountain, a lovely picture indeed, and we instinctively took off our hats and prayed for our beloved brethren who had laboured so long and so success-

fully. The church, the schools, the missionaries' houses, were hidden away among gums and weeping willows. There stood the station, like an Eden from which many rivers were flowing, north, south, east and west, the scene of the labours of the Arboussets, the Gosslins, Dykes, Casalis and the Mabilles. Once a desert of death or a wilderness of sin, but now a garden of the Lord. Oh, the glorious triumphs of the Gospel. The life-giving power of the name of Jesus, the mighty work of the Holy Ghost alone could have effected all this through His beloved servants. Words fail to express what I felt as I looked upon Morijah. It made my faith rise as I wandered in thought to our little mission station in Swazieland. I could picture another Morijah rising in the midst of the Swazies, hear the church bell, and see the Swazies, like the Basutos, flocking to hear the Word of God. I think the work of this mission with its thousands of witnesses is the grandest argument one could bring to bear upon the infidel, and must silence the sceptic and hush the scoffer.

"Commenced sixty years ago the work at Morijah has steadily grown. Its progress is remarkable, and we can but praise God as we read the statistics. In 1892 there were—

17 principal stations, with 7,900 communicants and 4,540 candidates for baptism.
128 out-stations.
129 day schools, with 7,869 scholars.
1 normal school, with 86 boarders.
1 Bible school, with 30 boarders.
1 industrial school, with 30 boarders.
18 European missionaries, 2 native pastors, and 241 native lay helpers.

"'Welcome to Morijah' greeted us as we entered the grounds of the mission house, M. and Mme. Mabille receiving us with a warm welcome. Their three daughters and two sons are all in the work.

"After dinner we were taken up to the Dykes. I there met Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, veterans indeed, spending their closing days among their people. For fifty-three years they have been working for God among the Basuto people, and now, like warriors who have fought a good fight, they are waiting for their Master's call, and His 'Well done.' Their sweet, peaceful faces were pictures indeed, and though very infirm, they were able to attend some of the services. At four o'clock we had our first prayer meeting in the church. About 500 were present, perhaps more, a fine band of Christians. The village is beginning to get alive with newcomers, and the many coloured blankets worn by the women present a strange appearance. One has a black blanket, adorned with red lizards, another with red targets and arrows, while a third has two prize-fighters worked upon it, engaged in

a deadly encounter. One old soul with a beaming face was introduced to me. She told me she was one of the early converts, and over forty years upon the Lord's side. She carried a well-worn hymnbook. As for the singing it was simply grand, it certainly took me right away from earth. Mr. Mabille leads, and has a superb voice, and the people sing in part, clear tenor and deep bass.

"In the evening I spoke in the schoolroom, Mr. Dyke interpreting for me. Bibles were well used, and the rustle of the leaves made a music not often heard in our churches. As I walked home the moon and stars looking down, and the voices of the natives singing hymns floating out upon the clear air, I thought of the state of the country before the French missionaries began their work, when it was wrapped in the darkest heathen superstition, and abounded in sin too awful to name. One man told me to-day he had ridden eighty miles rather than miss a blessing; that is the earnestness one likes to see. Quite a number had come sixty, seventy and eighty miles. I find the people are very emotional, and it is necessary to keep the meeting well in hand. At one meeting they began to cry and scream, and it would have spread until the whole place would have been in a blaze of excitement. In their old heathen days they used to give way to this until the women became mad with excitement.

"*March* 24. At 9.30 the church was full, about 1,000 or more being present. The addresses of yesterday were telling, and the Christians were deeply convicted for blessing. I spoke from 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' A great hush was in the meeting, and deep indeed was the work of God in the hearts of many.

"At 2.30 I gave a Bible reading in the church, subject, 'What is a Christian?' The numbers had still increased, and they were sitting on the ground in every available space. Their intelligence is remarkable; they are a fine race. The Spirit of God was felt, and at the close they went out softly, and all over the village was a remarkable hush. I have known it before, just before a revival.

"*March* 25, *Saturday*. We sent this morning to the Paramount Chief to say we proposed calling upon him this afternoon. He sent word that he could not see us but that he intended coming to the Sunday service, and that he had ordered all his people to come. To-day his chief wife, the Basuto queen, came. She, with one or two others, is a true Christian, so thank God there are witnesses' in the king's village.

"I was much exercised about the morning meeting. The church was overcrowded; it was a grand sight, and would have melted many a heart. Nearly all were Christians. Are missions a failure? I asked myself, and heartily wished every sceptical fault-finder could see for himself. Oh, if our rich brethren could

see the quiet, solid and ever-extending work this Mission is doing, they would be more ready to unloose their purse-strings. There was a strange hush over the church, and the look of deep conviction was plainly seen on many faces. After I had spoken we had very definite dealing with the Lord, and many openly confessed their hindrances and claimed deliverance. It was a glorious time of blessing when many entered into a new experience in their Christian life. Mr. Dyke told me as we walked home how subdued he noticed even the noisiest were.

"*March* 26, *Sunday*. M. Mabille had arranged a communion service at 9, which necessitated an early rise. Breakfast at 7, then my 'morning watch.' I was then told the Paramount Chief was in the drawing-room, and I was to be introduced to him. This was his first visit to Morijah church.

"They are streaming into the village, and now M. Mabille says that 4,000 are here. Sampson and I passed down the village as the church bell rang, and we were truly amazed at the sight. In the little valley where we had previously held our open-air services 4,000 people were seated on the ground. In the middle was the Lord's Table, covered with a white cloth. M. Mabille's son baptized the children, then the cloth was removed and a hymn sung. The missionaries, with Sampson and myself, stood round the table while M. Mabille gave us the bread and the wine. Then circle after circle came as it was given to them, first by us and then by the evangelist elders, and for thirty-five minutes this blessed feast of love went on. The singing was intensely sweet, and must have gone up like a cloud of incense into the presence of our Lord. The addresses followed. At the close they streamed past the table, giving money to the Zambesi Mission. Then the evangelists went among the heathen to gather in the anxious, while I went up to the house to get some food. The king sat next to me, and I had a good opportunity of speaking for the Master.

"Hurrying back to the church I found Mr. Dyke had just finished an address. . . . One of the chiefs sat alone on a chair, another stood up, both much moved. I spoke to them, and then the evangelists took the names of all who had professed conversion. Then I had a meeting for traders and English, and so hurried away. The drawing-room was full, and Sampson spoke with power and I followed. . . . Both M. Mabille and Mr. Dyke say the work among the Christians has been remarkable, and many are going back to work for the Master in the strength of the Holy Spirit as never before.

"*March* 28. Up early and off to a village named Kolo. As we rode along M. Mabille pointed out various scenes of interest. Here was a village with some 500 inhabitants, in which the Gospel had been preached for thirty years without a single convert having been made. On the other hand we passed one in

which all the people were Christians. We at length reached Kolo, and were introduced to the man sent by Moshesh *to buy missionaries* with 100 head of cattle. It appears that Moshesh was very anxious to have peace in his country, and being advised that the only way to obtain it was to introduce missionaries, he forthwith dispatched this man with the hundred head of cattle to get some. He happened to meet the early French missionaries who had just arrived and had been prevented by the authorities from going further north, the Lord evidently needing them in Basutoland. They at once accepted the offer and settled here, and now their mission has a firm hold on the country, and there are hundreds of converts."

In this way the days passed, Spencer gaining much valuable experience and being much used of God to missionaries and heathen alike. The visit came to an end on April 10 :—

"After reading and prayer by beloved M. Mabille we started on our long dusty journey, and passed out of Basutoland at 4 o'clock."

VIII

MISSION WORK—MARRIAGE—AMERICA

CLEANSED in our Saviour's precious blood,
Filled with the fullness of our God,
Walking by faith the path He trod;

Alleluia!

Leaning our head on Jesus' breast,
Knowing the joy of that sweet rest,
Finding in Him, the chief, the best!

Alleluia!

Kept by His power from day to day,
Held by His hand, we cannot stray,
Glory to glory all the way;

Alleluia!

Living in us His own pure life,
Giving us rest from inward strife,
From strength to strength, from death to life;

Alleluia!

Oh, what a Saviour we have found;
Well may we make the world resound
With one continual joyous sound;

Alleluia!

W. S. W.

CHAPTER VIII

Mission Work—Marriage—America

IN the heart of the north-east of Cape Colony, nestling under the Stormberg, lies the little town of Dordrecht. The leaders of Christian work therein heard from time to time of the blessing attending Walton's evangelistic work and hoped earnestly they might be able to secure his services. In April, 1893, this hope was realized. On their return from Basutoland, Messrs. Walton and Sampson held a mission which fully justified the expectations of its conveners. In a letter to a friend, destined later to take a leading part in the work of the Cape General Mission, Walton says :—

"We *are* seeing a revival! On Sunday it commenced, and last night we had a wonderful time of power, beyond description. The people were deeply convicted and broken down. Mrs. H. is overjoyed. Three of her sisters blessed, one brother-in-law, and a man who marries her sister to-morrow. The last-named is a most reserved fellow and seems splendidly converted. Mr. R. was overcome when he saw it and said he never could have believed Dordrecht would see such a revival. Of course there is much talk about it, and we are expecting to see greater things yet. I feel the devil is getting at me through my body, but cry to God . . . and He will yet give us the victory. I have seldom felt the power of the Holy Ghost so present and He has shaken me when in the pulpit. . . .

"At four o'clock meeting such a breaking down, and many young and old to speak to. In the evening, church full, and just the right sort in. Spoke from Isaiah 33. Glorious after meeting and seventeen out for blessing. Such brokenness of heart! . . . We are seeing Pentecostal times and mighty power—souls being saved through such breaking down. This

morning was an awfully solemn time. My heart is very full of praise for the blessing this week. It has been wonderful, and signs of abundance yet."

The friend to whom this was written was a Miss Lena Gibson, who with her mother had accompanied a brother to South Africa in quest of health. For three months the little party settled at Beaufort West, when it was deemed well to remove the invalid to Aliwal North. Here Miss Gibson left him and went south on a visit to friends at Worcester. At this time Walton came to conduct a mission at the church of the Rev. Wm. Murray, and there he and Miss Gibson met. This was in February; in March they were engaged, and on June 20 the marriage was celebrated in Andrew Murray's Parsonage at Wellington. From the first God's benediction rested on the union, and those who were privileged from time to time to enjoy the hospitality of their home will ever remember the singleness of purpose and identity of interests which there found expression.

Writing of the wedding, Mrs. Spencer Walton says :—

"My mother and a few special friends were present and after the ceremony the dear Murrays entertained us all to lunch, after which we drove away in a Cape cart, accompanied by Rev. Andrew Murray for a few miles as he had a visit to pay in the same direction as we were going! It was a very unconventional wedding. We spent our honeymoon on a Dutch farm, and on the Sunday Spencer took the service in a small country church."

On June 27, a large number of friends assembled in the Hall of the Mission at Capetown to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Walton, and to bid them God-speed as they left South Africa for a tour in the United States in the interests of the Mission. They sailed the following day, with Mrs. Gibson, in the *Grantully Castle*. England was reached safely, and Walton spoke at Keswick, pleading earnestly for fuller consecration to Christ and His work among heathen peoples.

"We spent the month of August," writes Mrs. Walton, "at Tyndrum in Perthshire with my relatives. Spencer enjoyed

the trout fishing in the Highland Lochs, but, true to his character, could not thoroughly enter into a holiday unless it had some work for his Master. It was a great pleasure to him when the Rev. Wm. Fraser, of the Free Church, asked him to take the Sunday services. These services have long been remembered by the Highland folk and some of them have followed him in his work with their prayers ever since. We know of one farmer's wife who saw him again twelve years after, and who pressed into his hand a twenty-pound note for the work in South Africa, saying at the same time: 'I have never forgotten you, sir, and have been saving this money to give ye for the work.'"

The following November Mr. and Mrs. Walton sailed in the SS. *Etruria* for New York. The journey was a venture of faith, as neither Walton nor his wife had friends in the States. Still, they carried letters of introduction to leading Christian workers, and better still, the assurance "Your Father knoweth." Not once or twice well-meaning persons endeavoured to dissuade Walton from the project, but for all alike he had the one reply: "I must obey God." It was characteristic of the man. When new developments appeared necessary, and fresh departures called for new adjustments of the Mission machinery he would wait upon God with patient persistence, and then, once convinced that the will of God had been declared, he would allow no mundane considerations to interfere with its execution. His trust in this case was fully justified.

"We counted upon His faithfulness," wrote Mrs. Walton, "and He did not disappoint us. Not only did we have much spiritual blessing, but the Lord so touched the hearts of His children that everywhere we were kindly and hospitably entertained, and not only were all our expenses amply covered, but substantial help given to the work in Africa and much prayerful and practical sympathy aroused."

The voyage was accomplished safely, despite the fact that the *Etruria* encountered a very heavy gale in mid-Atlantic, bringing its usual tale of accidents to members of the crew. On November 12 Walton and his wife set foot on American soil for the first time.

"Sunday, November 12. Our first Lord's Day in America. My father-in-law's agent put a letter into my hand from Dr. Pierson. As he was to preach in a City church we went off at once to hear him. The church was more like a temple of Diana, and thousands had been wasted on decorations, windows and lamps. I could not help wandering in thought to our little station in Swazieland and its needs! We had a very grand sermon from Galatians 5. 1. At the close, Dr. Pierson, who reminds me of Andrew Murray, gave us a quiet greeting and we have arranged to go to Philadelphia to see him on Thursday."

The welcome there extended the travellers was most cheering. "This is all after my own mind," said Dr. Pierson. "We are glad to have you and your dear wife in America. You will find many open doors. I like your Mission and your methods of work, and will give you 150 dollars for Swazieland." Dr. Pierson's forecast proved correct. By the middle of December Walton was engaged in a mission in the Seventh Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn, and further invitations came rapidly to hand. By pen as well as by voice was he enabled to reach a wider circle of sympathizers, the hospitality of their columns being readily extended by the Editors of the *Christian Observer*, and the (American) *Christian Herald*.

In December Walton was at Toronto, much encouraged by the number and the warmth of the invitations given him. A great united mission was arranged; he was one of the speakers at a Convention in that city and at others in Hamilton, London, and Detroit, while evangelistic missions were also planned for Montreal and Ottawa. The Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Toronto, wrote to the *Pioneer* expressing the gratitude of the Christians of Toronto for Walton's work:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Walton came to us in the power of the Holy Spirit, and their earnest consecration to the cause of Christ won the hearts of the pastors and brethren in this part of our city. The Bible readings for the deepening of the spiritual life were heart-searching and strengthening. The evangelistic meetings had the seal of God upon them from the very first. The sweet

singing of Mrs. Walton won the hearts of many, and her addresses to women have been a source of much benefit and blessing. . . . We cannot express to you how grateful we are to God for sending our friends at this opportune time, and their earnest efforts for God's kingdom, and the deepening of interest in foreign mission work, especially in South Africa."

The meetings at Hamilton were exceptionally successful, Walton having the comradeship of Drs. Pierson and Gordon—"the S. Paul and S. John of America," as he calls them. The trio proceeded to a Students' Volunteer Conference at Detroit, and were there joined by Dr. Hudson Taylor, en route for China.

"Friday afternoon was set aside for Africa, and we had one of the warmest and happiest of our meetings. I had a grand opportunity of speaking about our parish and of the faithfulness of God."

By the end of March Walton was in Boston as the guest of Dr. Gordon. Here he found himself surrounded by sympathetic friends: "This is a real, bright, living church, and consequently a great missionary church. The Doctor preaches and enjoys the prospect of the Lord's speedy return, and has an active energetic congregation." Here much generosity was exhibited to the Mission; indeed, throughout the journey, Walton found many whose hearts had been kindled by his statements of the need of Africa. His rule was not to ask for collections, but where such were offered gladly to accept them for the C.G.M. Offers of personal service were among the fruits of these months in America, and on April 18, the date of embarkation for the Homeland, he wrote:—

"Was it His will that we should go to America? A thousand times, yes! Above all else it has demonstrated our loving Father's care in thousands of ways—opening doors, closing others, raising up friends on all sides, He has never failed us, and we have proved again and again that 'in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'

It was, then, with a full heart that Walton returned to report to friends in England of the good hand of his

God. In June he and his wife were guests of the Rev. and Mrs. F. Paynter at their beautiful home at Stoke-next-Guildford. Mr. Paynter has been instrumental in organizing many conventions in England and on the Continent, and at that held in Guildford, in 1894, Walton was one of the speakers.

At that year's "Keswick" the last afternoon was devoted to the Mission, and a great gathering assembled at Friar's Crag. One who was present wrote: "The meeting throughout was marked by great spiritual power; God was present, Christ exalted, we were blessed." Mr. Albert Head, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn-Howe, Mr. Mercer and other well-known workers spoke. But five years previously, on the selfsame spot the earliest members of the Mission, six in number, had taken leave. In that time the number had risen to sixty-eight, and it was announced that ten more were soon to sail. "As we went away," writes the friend already quoted, "our hearts were full of thankfulness, our lips were full of praise, for we had seen Jesus. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'"

IX

FIRSTFRUITS IN SWAZIELAND

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God."—Ps. 42. 1.

I CANNOT breathe enough of Thee,
  Oh, gentle breeze of love:
More fragrant than the myrtle tree
The Rose of Sharon is to me—
  The balm of Heaven above!

I cannot gaze enough on Thee,
  Thou fairest of the fair;
My heart is filled with ecstasy,
As in Thy face of radiancy,
  I see such beauty there.

I cannot work enough for Thee,
  My Saviour, Master, Friend;
I do not wish to go out free,
But ever, always, willingly,
  To serve Thee to the end.

I cannot sing enough of Thee,
  The sweetest name on earth,
A note so full of melody
Comes from my heart so joyously,
  And fills my soul with mirth.

I cannot speak enough to Thee:
  I have so much to tell,
Thy heart it beats so tenderly,
As Thou dost draw me close to Thee
  And whisper, "All is well!

W. S. W.

CHAPTER IX

Firstfruits in Swazieland

OUR last chapter closed with a brief retrospect of the progress made by the Mission since its inception in 1889. In the early part of 1894 a great step forward was made. It will be remembered that Mrs. Osborn-Howe, who was largely instrumental, under God, in bringing Spencer Walton to South Africa, was herself interested in work in Cape Colony. In June, 1891, she and her husband landed at Durban, the pioneers of the South East Africa Evangelistic Mission. There various departments of Christian activity were opened. A band of three workers undertook itineration in Zululand, and colportage, open-air work in Durban; and the establishment of evangelistic centres at Majuba and Makowe rapidly followed.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, the Cape General Mission was more than justifying its existence. In the spring of 1891 Mr. Dudley Kidd brought from England, and conducted to the various mission stations, a worker in the person of Mr. Arthur Mercer, whose enthusiasm was to find ample scope for years to come as secretary in England. Mr. Mercer assumed these duties upon his return from South Africa in June, 1891, and still holds the same position.

The *Pioneer* for February, 1894, bore upon its cover a view of Cape Town different from that which had adorned previous issues, and the Editor in his "notes" in that number remarked :—

"The new face with the old heart appears at a time coincident with a new phase of our existence. It is the stage of amalgamation. According to the will of God we have united ourselves with the South East Africa Mission, having its headquarters at Durban, its area Natal, Zululand and elsewhere, and its leaders Mr. and Mrs. Osborn-Howe."

The official notice of this important development announces :—

"After much prayerful conference the English Council have at length arranged to amalgamate our C.G.M. with the S.E.A.E.M. The two Missions will henceforth bear the one name of 'SOUTH AFRICA GENERAL MISSION,' but its plans and methods and spirit will be the same, having the same President, the same Director, and the same official organ;" and the Editor continued, "'*South Africa*' are words that indicate God would have us move on and on ; '*General Mission*' are words that indicate that besides preaching to the rude savage with his untutored mind, we are to go with a real Saviour and a sanctifying spirit to the white man also."

It was, then, to the Directorate of the South Africa General Mission that Walton returned in September, 1894. He was accompanied by three new workers, and by the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson, who was to devote some time to South Africa before resuming his well known work in India and Ceylon. To the joy of the soldier in being once more "at the front" was added that also of the resumption of home life after months of pilgrimage. "We had been travelling about for a year and a half," wrote Mrs. Walton, "and it was a great joy to us both to settle down for a time in a little home of our own in the Gardens of Capetown. It was here on November 24 that our little Ruth was born."

The next few months were spent chiefly in Capetown and its suburbs. Open-air meetings, services in the Hall, in Longmarket Street, in the Sailors' Rest at the Docks, at the Soldiers' Home at Wynberg, and in various churches where he was ever welcomed afforded a large field for Walton's activity. In addition there was the ever increasing burden of correspondence and the details of supervision of the Mission stations.

In April, 1895, he carried out a wish which had possessed him through all the months of absence from his loved Mission—a visitation of the work in Swazieland. His diary describes the journey at length :—

"I reached Charlestown on the morning of the 21st after six days' hard travelling. Wehmeyer, from Bethany, awaited me with the small tent wagon and ten oxen. . . . In the evening, preached in the Wesleyan church. Early in morning of 22nd we started on our eight days' journey.

"*Sunday, April* 28. Started at 4 a.m. and after dawn went down from 5,000 ft. to 1,500. It was a long trek, and after crossing a clear river, about two miles from Rev. J. Jackson's station, we outspanned, and enjoyed a bathe. A long rest, and then for our last trek. It was the Lord's Day, and the Risen Lord filled my heart. We were all in high spirits at the thought of 'home' in three hours.

"Low in the valley, the great Usutu, which Mr. Murray and I crossed in 1891 was flowing. Lifegiving and glorious it glistened in the morning sun, and I could not help singing 'Like a river glorious.' I thanked God for His promise, 'Out of Him shall flow rivers of living water.'

"Our arrival had been looked for early this morning, so all were out. . . . Our wagon was soon unloaded by willing hands, and we were on our knees thanking our loving Father for journeying mercies.

"*Monday, April* 29. We gathered a happy party round the breakfast table, and discussed meetings, etc., to be arranged. On Thursday we purpose having meetings for prayer. On Friday plans and new openings will be discussed. At 12 I started for Coates' house, and with him visited the kraal of the headman. He greeted me kindly and invited me into his hut, which was exactly like a beehive, and beautifully made. It was all I could do to crawl through the doorway. Coates told me not to go out feet first as they carry their dead out that way, and it generally means a death if you do so.

"*Tuesday, April* 30. While in my room I heard Mrs. Coates call out 'A snake!' A large green mamba, a deadly type, had just glided in through the open door. The boy soon killed it. It measured 5 feet 3 inches. Soon after a cobra was killed in the garden. No doubt the great heat had brought them out. . . . This evening I examined two candidates for baptism, some firstfruits to gladden our hearts.

"*May* 2. A quiet day, with God. All our Swazieland missionaries present. Jesus drew very near to us, and as Fletcher of Madeley used to say, it was a very 'tender' time.

"*May* 3. Five cases from England arrived. Oh, if friends

who sent these things could have seen the joy they gave our missionaries. Two beautiful stoves, the bell for the church (the old bell from Emmanuel Church, Wimbledon) two much needed saddles, drugs for Coates' work, etc., etc. . . . In the afternoon we held our first Swazieland Conference. Examined the two candidates for baptism and passed them. Then a long business talk, seeking God's mind about new prospects and openings.

"*Saturday, May* 4. To-day I turned church builder and with Baillie and Wehmeyer worked at the roof. A few more hours, and it will be on, so we shall be able to open our church on Thursday. It is well built, and the bricks well burnt, the work of Wehmeyer.

"*Lord's Day, May* 5. A red-letter day in the history of the Mission. At the close of the usual morning service we all went to the Usutu river, about fifteen raw heathen with us. It was a time we had long prayed for and our hearts were almost too full to speak. Three dear native converts had been examined and passed, Mentiwa and his wife and a Swazie lad called Upelepele. This lad had heard the Gospel at Bethany three years ago, and after months of conviction (as he said, 'my heart was so sore') he was led to Jesus by our two sisters, Misses Harris and Gabb. He is such a simple Christian. We all sang, and then after most solemn questions had been asked and answered our three first converts were baptized in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—THE FIRSTFRUITS OF THE MISSION.

"*Thursday, May* 9. We were a happy party at Bethany this morning at breakfast, and had a particularly happy time over John xv. Then the business of the day commenced. Party after party arrived and greeted us. From the Nahamba Kraal, a noisy band of girls came, chanting as they walked, and keeping time to the ugubu, a native instrument consisting of a bow with a calabash attached, and twisted wire which is beaten with a small stick. A good many of the king's warriors came, and there was a good show of assegais, battle axes and shields. Two of the king's brothers arrived on horseback, one in European dress, the other dressed *à la* Swazie with a head ring and several charms round his neck consisting of an alligator's tooth and bits of iguana skin. . . . At 11.45 we rang the new bell. At 12 o'clock the second peal sounded, and the missionaries with one or two white visitors formed two deep and marched through the Swazies, singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' At the door we stopped and faced about, starting the well known hymn ''Nkosi Yami' in which many joined. The doors were then opened by our native interpreter and we all marched in. At the top sat the missionaries, Mrs. Coates at the harmonium. Through an interpreter, I declared the church open, after having solemnly given it over to the Lord. We claimed a blessing and prayed that many might be born again within its walls. A

short service followed, at which all the men missionaries spoke, and after a native hymn we went out to superintend the feast. . . . We were all overjoyed at having the church open, but so sad to see the dense heathenism and superstition all round. Our three newly baptized converts were so bright and such a contrast to the fierce rough heathen. One could not fail to see the change the Holy Spirit has wrought.

"*Saturday, May* 11. Left early to visit the Welcome station. At 8 a.m. we were across the Usutu and at the old queen's kraal. We were told she would see us, so we presented ourselves at the royal hut. She remembered me, and was glad to see me again. I gave her a present and had a talk with her about eternal things.

"*Sunday, May* 12. Old Klaas called. He has been really converted, and I hope soon to hear that he and his wife will be baptized. In the afternoon the wee house was packed with Swazies. Miss Harris and Miss Gabb took the first part of the service, and then I spoke from John 10., Miss Harris acting as my interpreter. My heart was rejoiced to see not a few who have been brought to Christ.

"*Wednesday*, 15. At last my happy visit has to close. . . . We were away by 4.30. Baillie accompanied us as far as the Usutu, when we joined in prayer, commending one another to the Lord, and parted. God bless our beloved and devoted brother."

Thus once more was the promise of God fulfilled "My word shall not return unto Me void." In simple dependence upon the unchanging Lord Walton had gone forth into the darkness of Swazieland, and now his was the joy of "dividing the spoil." True, the results were not large if estimated by worldly standards, but the Good Shepherd who could go after the one that was lost until he found it, surely "saw of the travail of His soul" in the baptism of those three Swazies, and to that degree was "satisfied." Oh that by abiding contact with Him we may learn something of the value of the *one* lost sheep!

Mrs. Walton supplies the following note as to the changes which came about in the latter part of 1895 :—

"After leaving Swazieland, Spencer came down to Natal and had a few days' meetings in Greytown, where there was great blessing, and then on to Ladysmith and Maritzburg, holding meetings

at each place. He came home in June (to Capetown) and in July I accompanied him to Beaufort West where he held a mission in the Dutch Reformed Church. In August he held a mission at Oudtshorn, also amongst the Dutch.

"In September of this year we removed from Cape Town to Durban, which henceforth became our home. The reason for this change was that we were making some changes in the administration of the Mission. The work had grown so rapidly and we were extending so much, that it was decided that *we* should take the supervision of what became the South Eastern Branch of the Mission, namely Swazieland, Zululand, Tongaland and Natal, while Messrs. Kidd and Huskisson became responsible for the supervision of the Northern Branch of the Mission. In Durban we had to forego the joys of a home *of our own*, which was no small sacrifice to one of Spencer's temperament! We lived in the rambling old Mission House and sought to make it a home not only for our own missionaries who came from their stations in fever districts for rest and refreshment, and to the new missionaries who came to us to study Zulu under Mr. Suter, but also to many others up and down the land! The Mission House became a 'rendezvous' for God's children of all denominations, nationalities and colours! Many a one has come there dispirited and disheartened, and has gone away cheered, comforted and encouraged. To come in contact with Spencer seemed to bring a new inspiration.

"The work in Natal had at first many difficulties, and nothing but his habitual dependence upon God, and cheerful optimistic way of looking at things, kept him from getting discouraged."

X

WORK IN NATAL

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified."—1 Cor. 2. 2.

CHAPTER X

Work in Natal

OF many beautiful spots in South Africa none perhaps is fairer than the bright, well-kept town of Durban, the one seaport of Natal. The town lies along the shores of a bay, well-nigh landlocked, and is commanded by a low range of hills, known as the Berea, upon which are the villas of its well-to-do residents. The extension of the railway to Johannesburg, completed in 1895, and the continuous work carried on at the harbour mouth, have resulted in placing Durban in the very first rank of African cities. The population—numbering nearly 56,000 in 1901—is cosmopolitan; English, German, Dutch, Kaffirs and Indians all being represented. The climate is hot and enervating in the summer months, but delightful in the winter, and at all seasons quite healthy for Europeans.

It was to this part that Walton's course was now directed; and he quickly identified himself with the Christian forces of the town.

"Almost every Sunday morning he was found preaching in one or other of the European churches in Durban—Congregational, Wesleyan, Baptist, Presbyterian. During this year also he held a weekly meeting on the Berea for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life, and now and again had a Drawing-room meeting on the Berea specially to reach those who did not care to come to meetings in halls or chapels. These meetings were much blessed. Sunday evenings after church hours he was always to be found in the open air. Hundreds of men used to gather round the 'ring' and would listen spellbound, as he told the 'old, old story' in his inimitable way. I have often seen him hold a large crowd when

his address has lasted thirty or forty minutes. He gave as much thought and attention to the open-air meeting as to any other. There was always plenty of variety in the way of hymns well sung, and choruses and solos or duets, with short, telling addresses from different members of the Mission or other Christian friends who might be passing through the town. At first the meetings were held in the street, but afterwards Spencer obtained permission to hold them in the Town Gardens just opposite the Town Hall. No better spot could have been chosen, as the gardens and the street were full of people on Sunday nights. It became a habit with a great many men who would never enter a church, to attend the open-air meeting regularly. Spencer would meet them in the Hospital and when he asked them where they went on Sundays, the answer would be, 'Oh, I attend your church in the Town Gardens.' Eternity alone will reveal what these meetings meant to many a man."

Walton had the eye of the strategist for suitable positions from which to make his advance, and he had not been long in Natal before the need of an Institute for the soldiers belonging to the Maritzburg garrison was laid on his heart. A lady worker had been carrying on meetings amongst the men in a small hall, but as she was about to leave Natal she offered the work to the S.A.G.M. Mr. Ernest Harris, now Missionary at Dumisa, offered to assume the charge, and he was provisionally accepted. Walton succeeded in interesting several local friends in the new enterprise, and a house was rented in a main street, traversed continually by men from the barracks. By the end of February a most attractive little "Soldiers' Home" was opened by General Cox. This for many years proved a haven to the "lads," and in it many a man has found his Saviour.

The next extension of work was among the Indians of Natal. No "General" Mission, such as was the S.A.G.M., could fail to be impressed with the claims of these people. They are brought into Natal under a five years' contract of indenture. They are mostly drawn from the congested districts of Bengal and Madras. Those coming from Madras speak either Tamil or Telugu, those from Bengal, Hindi or Hindustani. The greater number are Hindus

belonging to the inferior castes. Brought from their homes in India and Ceylon to labour in the sugar fields, the farms, and the houses of Natal, they were certain to evoke the sympathy of any who had entered into Christ's purpose for the world. Excellent work was being done in Durban by an Anglican Mission under Dr. L. P. Booth (now Dean of Umtata), who had relinquished a flourishing medical practice, taken Holy Orders, and was living among the Indians of Durban, carrying on religious and medical work for their benefit. Still much, very much, remained to be done, and in August, 1896, a new recruit, Miss M. Day, was set apart for Indian work, being joined a few weeks later by Miss Hargreaves. The following year, after much waiting upon God, an opening was found at a place called Phœnix, fifteen miles from Durban, in the midst of sugar plantations, with their large population of "free" and "indentured" Indians. A good house was placed at the disposal of the Mission, at a peppercorn rent, and a disused Wesleyan church hard by was lent for school purposes free of charge. Both house and hall are still in use; Miss Hargreaves (now Mrs. Hamilton Burns) and her husband carrying on educational and evangelistic work among Tamils and Telugus.

This year, too, witnessed the beginning of work designed to benefit the sailors who from time to time visited the port. A hall was rented near the Quays, and definite prayer was made for funds for a Sailors' Rest and for a Sailors' own missionary. Meanwhile a large share of the burden was borne by Mr. J. S. Young, a zealous Scotchman on the office staff of the Mission.

In June Walton organized and successfully carried through a Convention on the well-known "Keswick" lines, the theme of the assembly being "Absolute surrender." He had taken the whole responsibility of the Convention upon his own shoulders, financial and otherwise. It was a splendid time. Numbers of Dutch people came all the way from Greytown in their wagons and

attended the Convention, and permission was obtained for them to outspan in Victoria Park. They turned their wagons into temporary homes and some of them put up marquees as well. It was an astonishing sight to onlookers to see people so much in earnest regarding the deepening of their spiritual life, as cheerfully to leave their comfortable homes and camp out in order to attend the meetings. The large open-air missionary meetings held on the Friday afternoon in the Victoria Park were quite a new departure in Natal. Dutch missionaries, as well as English, who had been attending the Convention, were given an opportunity of speaking about their work. What delighted Walton more than anything else connected with this Convention was that the local ministers seemed to appreciate the opportunity of meeting and hearing Mr. Murray. In the same month a second native school was opened. From the first it was crowded, and to this day is one of the most encouraging centres of native work in the colony. Then, in July, he was away on pioneer work in Zululand! Truly, what his hand found to do, he did it with his might.

Among the guests entertained during this year at the Mission House was the well-known evangelist, Elder Weaver. Of this visitor Mrs. Walton contributes the following reminiscences :—

"He often stayed with us in the Mission House in Durban, for he paid a second visit to Natal, and his visits were always a rare treat to Spencer. He was quite a 'rough diamond,' but a man deeply taught of God and with the simple faith of a little child. I remember one time Spencer came to me and said, 'The Lord has told me to give Elder Weaver my overcoat. He is too thinly clad for his sea voyage.' I felt a little bit dubious about it, for I knew that it was easier for him to give away a good coat than to get a new one! But he was so sure about it I made no objection. In giving the coat to the 'Elder' as we called him, Spencer said to him, 'The Lord has told me to give it to you, and I hope it will fit you.' 'Oh, dear brother,' said Elder Weaver, 'if my Father has told you to give it to me, you need not be afraid about its fitting! He knows my fit better than any tailor!' 'There!' he

said as he put on the coat, which fitted like a glove, 'didn't I tell you? My Father knows my fit!'"

To the foregoing record must be added various missions, conventions and conferences in which Walton rendered efficient help, a visit to Swazieland, this time accompanied by Mrs. Walton, and the opening up of Gazaland for missionary service by Messrs. Copeland, Raney and Kidd. The closing words of his diary for 1897 indicate at once the source of his energy and the secret of his success:—

"Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Ebenezer . . . Jehovah Jireh. Mercy from first to last."

1898 was destined to bring the shadow of bereavement upon the happy family group at the Mission House. To avoid the heat of Durban Walton and his family were spending January at a farm some miles up country. While there a cablegram announcing the home call of Spencer's mother was received. We have already noted the readiness with which she had yielded him to God for work in Africa, and the blank in his life was keenly felt. Still he knew by long experience that "all things work together for good to them that love God, and in his diary for January 15 (the anniversary of his birthday) he wrote:—

"My 48th birthday. Mercy from first to last (a favourite expression of his); Grace chose me in Him; Grace sought me by Him; Grace saved me through Him; Grace keeps me for Him. All of grace! Grace upon grace."

A few weeks after Spencer's loss, Mrs. Walton learned of the death of her own father. Thus to the "fetters of gold" which linked these two lives yet another link was added, that of a common sorrow over a common loss.

In the November yet another grief befel them. Mr. and Mrs. Walton had spent some weeks in Cape Colony, holding missions, and visiting mission stations. They parted at East London, Walton proceeding to fulfil an

engagement at Clumber, Cape Colony, and Mrs. Walton returning to Durban for the wedding of two members of the Mission staff. Soon after her arrival her youngest child, a beautiful girlie of one year, was stricken down. She rapidly grew worse and eventually pneumonia supervened. To add to the mother's burden of sorrow, it was impossible to communicate with the father, as he was on passage from Port Elizabeth to Durban. Kindly hearts, sympathetic and solicitous, apprised him as he landed of the dangerous condition of his child. He hurried to the Mission House, and just twelve hours later, his little one was taken.

An extract from an article from his pen, appearing in the *Pioneer* for January, 1899, affords us a glimpse of his response to God's disciplinary dealings :—

"A new year has to be faced. Let us face it as those who know no future but God. We can say of the past, ever remembering the dear Master's patience and care, 'Thine hands took pains about me' (Job 10. 8, margin). Step by step He has brought us through His school, sometimes sitting as a 'refiner and purifier of silver,' when the furnace has been hot, sometimes coming into our sorrows, as the 'Man of sorrows' alone can; and making us feel that the sorrows were worth having, when we had Him with us through them all. Sometimes we have experienced His loving vote of confidence in us, when He has 'chastened us sore'; sometimes we have been on the Mount of Transfiguration, when He has given us wonderful manifestations of His glory, and again with Him in the harvest field, when we have had the joy of gathering in, for the great harvest field, shock after shock of ripe corn. Praise His name! It has been just Himself all along the way, and we can say :—

"From vintages of sorrow are sweetest joys distilled,
And the cup outstretched for healing is oft at Marah filled.
God leads to joy through weeping, to quietness through strife,
Through yielding into conquest, through death to endless life.
Be still—He hath enrolled thee for the Kingdom and the Crown,
Be silent, let Him mould thee, Who calleth thee His own."

So, one by one, the lessons of life were learned, and step by step the servant pressed on to know his Lord.

The year was filled with service—often with service which demanded separation from home and loved ones

for long periods. "I do not like leaving the dear ones," Spencer wrote on the eve of one such journey, "but the King's business demands haste." In another of his note books he refers to partings from his loved ones :— "For me this is the paramount test of missionary life." I have rarely known a man more impressed with the urgency of the "King's business"; it was the mainspring of all his energy. As an example of the demands made upon a missioner's physical powers the following notes supplied by Mrs. Walton will prove of interest :—

"He left Capetown at 4 p.m., reaching *Paarl* at 6.30 and taking a meeting at 7.30. Next day he had three meetings. The following day (Saturday) he also had three meetings, and three on the Sunday as well, leaving at 10.40 p.m. for Beaufort West. His note in his diary on the Sunday night is 'A very, very wonderful breaking down and gathering in. Hallelujah.' He reached Beaufort West at 3.25 the following (Monday) afternoon and preached in the Dutch Reformed Church the same evening to a large congregation, and had several real cases of conversion. Next day he left for Graaff Reinett and arrived the following day, very tired. He got a warm welcome from Rev. Charles Murray and his family. He remained here from Wednesday until Monday, taking two and three meetings daily. His entry in his diary after this visit is 'praise God for the wonderful blessing at Graaff Reinett. To Him alone be the glory.' Leaving Graaff Reinett at 8 a.m. he travelled all day by train. Next day he journeyed from 5 a.m. to 6.15 by post cart to Lovedale. Leaving Lovedale at 6.15 a.m. he got the post cart at Alice at 7 and arrived at 1 p.m. at King William's Town. Here he got the train at 2.15, arriving at East London at 4.57 p.m. and took a meeting at 7.30!"

Lovedale deserves more than a passing allusion. This station, inseparably associated with the name of the Rev. Dr. Stewart, is situated some forty miles westward of King William's Town. Ever since 1841 it has been maintained by the Free Church of Scotland as a centre of evangelistic, educational, and industrial activity. There may be found an excellent normal school for training native teachers, and shops in which printing, carpentry, bookbinding and other like occu-

pations are carried on. Here Mr. and Mrs. Walton spent some time later in this year.

"At Lovedale," writes Mrs. Walton, "we were the guests of Rev. John and Mrs. Lennox, and were deeply interested in the great educational and spiritual work of this well-known mission centre. We felt it to be a privilege to have the opportunity of holding a special mission here, amongst many different tribes, Fingos, Kaffirs, Bechuanas, Basutos, all of them speaking English and understanding it intelligently. Spencer's note in diary is 'It has been a very blessed mission, and a season of God's power and presence.'"

With a description of the services held at Fort Beaufort immediately after the visit to Lovedale, this chapter may be fittingly closed.

"From Lovedale we went to Fort Beaufort to hold a mission at the invitation of the Rev. W. Pocock. The meetings were held in the Town Hall. It was a time of great blessing. On the last Sunday evening Spencer spoke on the parable of the great supper. It was a *very* solemn time and at the close he gave an invitation to all those who wished to accept God's invitation to the marriage supper, to come right out of their seats and kneel around the rails in front of the pulpit (this service was in the Wesleyan church). *Immediately* there was a response from all parts of the church. Old and young coming up in real earnest, the rails were filled and several pews and extra seats as well. Many Christians were shedding tears of joy at the sight. It was a wonderful ingathering."

XI

THE BOER WAR

INWARD STILLNESS

"Stand still and see."—EXODUS 14. 13.
"Be still and know."—Ps. 46. 10.

THERE is a stillness in the Christian's life :—
Like summer eve, when all is hushed and calm,
Or like the sea, whose waves have sunk to rest,
Across whose bosom steals an evening psalm.
'Tis there the voice of our Beloved's heard :—
The discord of our voices, hushed and still,
No longer hinders all He has to say :
'Tis sweeter than the music of the rill !

There is a stillness in the Christian's life :—
When all self-effort ceases, and he knows
The rest of leaving all in Christ's dear hands,
Who, by His yielding, conquered all His foes.
'Tis there he learns a lesson, deep and true,
To bring his wrongs, however dark and sad,
And change them for a song of joyful praise ;
His gladness, wherewith He can make us glad.

There is a stillness in the Christian's life :—
While all around would fill us with alarm,
As silently we wait, He stills the storm,
Turning the raging tempest to a calm.
His "Peace, be still," above that tempest sounds,
All, all obey His voice of power Divine,
Then to the waiting soul He sweetly says,
"Fear not, My child, I've bought thee, thou art Mine."

There is a stillness in the Christian's life :—
An inner stillness only known to him
Who has so gladly laid at Jesus' feet
His all, and now He reigns alone within,
Master of every motion, wish, and plan,
In stillness crowned, He rules supreme as King,
And in that inner chamber of the heart,
Has made a little sanctuary within.

There is a stillness in the Christian's life :—
The corn of wheat must fall into the ground
And die, then if it die, out of that death,
Life, fullest life, will blessedly abound,
It is a mystery no words can tell,
But known to those who in this stillness rest.
Something Divinely comprehensible ;
That for my nothingness, *I get God's best !*

W. S. W.

CHAPTER XI

The Boer War

THE year 1899 will ever be memorable in South Africa as witnessing the outbreak of one of the grimmest struggles in the history of warfare. With the causes of the war, or with the merits or demerits of the belligerents, this book has, of course, no concern, and we shall trace its history only so far as it affected the S.A.G.M. and its Superintendent.

As though some premonitory voice had hinted at the forthcoming difficulties, Walton recorded on his forty-ninth birthday a resolution which, carried out, would in the best way fit him to grapple therewith :—

"*January* 15, 1899. To-day I am forty-nine. It has been grace upon grace all along ; mercy from first to last. Resolved in His strength :—

"To be more careful in my expenditure.
"To have more time alone with God.
"To be more careful and prayerful in my study of God's Word.
"To ask Him more about little things.

"Lord ! what wilt Thou have me to do ?

"W. Spencer Walton,
"A Bondservant of Jesus Christ."

In the winter of this year a new station was opened on Lake S. Lucia, by name Mount Tabor, with Mr. and Mrs. Olsen Feyling in charge. Concerning it the diary states :—

"*July* 20. O Lord !

"*Teach me.* Then I shall know Thy Will.
"*Guide me.* Then I shall make no mistakes.
"*Keep me.* Then I shall be safe.

"Do it all Thyself !"

"It is just three days short of three years ago since I joined the dear Feylings at the Tugela and started to open up the district of Lake S. Lucia. During those three years God has abundantly answered prayer. The outcome of that trip has been the granting of three new sites. Two have been since occupied, and buildings erected, and now the Feylings are settled south of the Lake at Mount Tabor, while Norman Keyes and his wife are at Grace Mission Station, north of the Lake. The Lord be praised indeed."

This journey resulted in a station being opened at Maputa in Tongaland under Mr. A. T. Waters.

Developments were also proceeding in Swazieland and in Zululand. A recruit arrived for the latter field in the person of Mr. Emil Lindfield, from Moody's Institute at Chicago. Keen, spiritual, devoted, he learned the language very quickly, and did admirable work until his untimely death—killed by a crocodile—in 1902. An offshoot of the work in Durban was a new station at Dumisa, in Natal. Here services had been commenced by Waka, a native who had been converted at Durban under Mr. Suter's ministry. At the beginning of the year Mr. and Mrs. Harris occupied the new post.

By the end of September the political outlook was decidedly dark. Diplomatic correspondence had produced no appreciable result, and on September 8 the Colonial Secretary intimated to the Boer Government that unless the British proposals were definitely acceded to "Her Majesty's Government must reserve to themselves the right to reconsider the situation *de novo*, and to formulate new proposals for a final settlement." The words, though carefully chosen, were regarded as ominous. On the same day a Cabinet Council decided to send 10,000 additional troops to Natal, of whom India was to furnish 7,000. A vast crowd of citizens at Capetown telegraphed to England imploring "prompt termination of present tension, which is causing grave distress and bringing community face to face with bankruptcy."

The language was none too strong. On September 12 exceptional distress was reported at Johannesburg, while no less than 1,100 refugees arrived at Durban within forty-eight hours.

As will be readily seen, the course of events was watched with grave solicitude at the Mission House in Durban. The missionaries stationed at Ingogo (on the Natal border) were the first to be removed. Still more serious was the position of those in Swazieland. Should war be declared there was no doubt but that their wagons and oxen would be commandeered by the Boers. Apart from the pecuniary loss this would entail, it would mean the utter isolation of the workers from all sources of supplies.

Long and earnestly Walton prayed for guidance. At length, rising from his knees, he announced his determination to wire to a Christian member of the legislative assembly at Capetown, asking his counsel in the contingency that had arisen. Back flashed the reply: "Advise missionaries withdraw quickly." Walton immediately acted upon this advice, and wired instructions to Mr. Baillie to this effect. By this prompt action the missionaries from all four stations in Swazieland, with their families, reached Portuguese territory just an hour before it was known that war had been at length declared.

Walton now felt it his duty to proceed to Delagoa Bay, there to meet the Swazieland workers and confer as to their future policy. War was declared on October 12 and he landed at Lorenzo Marques on the following day. There he was most hospitably entertained by M. and Madame Berthoud of the Swiss Mission, and as some days elapsed before the missionaries arrived, he placed his services at the disposal of the Relief Committee. Some days later, Messrs. Baillie and Gale reached Lorenzo Marques, and reported that the remaining members of the party were encamped on the Lebombo mountains, having successfully brought away two

wagons and all their oxen. It was of course impossible to leave things in this position, and Walton decided to bring the whole party round to Durban, leaving wagons and oxen in the care of the Swiss missionaries. Accordingly, Messrs. Baillie and Gale returned to the mountains to escort their comrades to the coast, Walton awaiting them there, and, after considerable difficulty, arranging their passage by sea to Natal.

"The town is crammed with refugees who are pouring in, men, women and children. All day getting them housed and fed. No dinner and went home worn out. It is awful to see the amount of drunkenness. All the Transvaal gaols have turned out their short term men. A downright bad lot!

"20th. Ill in bed with sickness and violent headache. Better towards evening.

"21st. Better and off to Relief Committee. Busy getting women and children away. About 1,000 must have gone. Men are to wait for transports. Arranged for a meeting at camp to-morrow.

"22nd, (Sunday). A particularly blessed day. Wrote 'There is a stillness in the Christian's Life.' [1] Went to wagons and held meeting. Good time; got very wet. Gave Bible Reading in evening on Ezekiel.

"23rd. Busy all morning feeding 700 Cape Boys. An unusual experience. Nice fellows with some grumbling exceptions! Since Saturday 3,500 refugees have left here for Durban. Happy Durban!

"24th. Up till 11.30 distributing food to Cape Boys. Not feeling A 1.; no fever, but this is a bad place for nerves!"

Mrs. Spencer Walton shall tell what followed:—

"On the 25th the Swazieland party arrived, and it was arranged they should all come round to Durban by the first available steamer. Meanwhile the hospitable Swiss missionaries entertained the whole party: Mr. and Mrs. Baillie and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Gale and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Wehmeyer and three children, Miss Harris and Miss Peake Brown, an evangelist and his wife and children returning to Natal, and several natives who had accompanied the party!

"On the 30th the *Tintagel Castle* arrived, and with some difficulty Spencer got his large party on board and as comfortably berthed as was possible under the circumstances. There

[1] Prefixed to this chapter.

were 1,900 refugees on board, including all the Cape Boys and gaol birds! 2,000 souls in all. The weather was very hot, but they had a calm passage, arriving on November 1 at Durban.

"Meantime I had had a very busy time arranging for the accommodation of so large a party. Already the Mission House was filled to its utmost capacity. Besides the party from Ingogo, Major Tapp's wife and little son and nurse had arrived from Ladysmith, and with our own three children and several other missionaries we were a large household! However, we turned the small hall (which was built on to the church and had sliding doors into the church for use when the church was crowded out) into a bedroom, and this did for three. And a bedroom it remained for many weeks! We numbered twenty-two of a household for a long time, and were a very happy party. Every one seemed to try to make it easy for the housekeeper and cheerfully put up with the overcrowding. The three married couples and their children were accommodated in a little cottage at Pinetown which we had secured for them, and furnished very inexpensively. Each family had one bedroom! When the whole party stood in the dining-room of the Mission House after landing from the *Tintagel*, and we all sang 'How good is the God we adore,' there were tears of thankfulness in many eyes and voices, for it had been a time of considerable strain to us all. The weeks that followed were very busy ones, as well as very exciting. We had tremendous gatherings on Sunday nights at our open-air meetings. We started an open-air meeting on Tuesday evenings as well, as there were such crowds in the streets. We also had a meeting on Sundays for some weeks on board H.M.S. *Tartar*, which was greatly appreciated by the men."

Despite the great strain involved by this interference with the normal routine of the Mission, its directly spiritual work was not neglected, and where it could possibly be continued, was eagerly prosecuted.

Accordingly, towards the end of November, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, accompanied by three of the "refugee" missionaries, travelled to Dumisa, there to open the new church and baptize several of the converts. Mrs. Walton thus described the service:—

"As there was no suitable place [for the baptisms] in the immediate neighbourhood of the mission station, a spot had been decided upon, some two miles off, down in the valley. We started early, accompanied by quite a number of native

Christians, and as we descended the mountain side, we saw, on the opposite hill, several little companies of natives wending their way to the rendezvous. By midday a large congregation had gathered. The spot chosen was an ideal one for such a service. The beautiful clear stream, with its projecting rocks widened into a deep pool with shady banks on either side, with begonias, maidenhair and orchids growing in abundance. The people seated themselves upon the rocks, amongst them quite a number of heathen women in their skin petticoats. After singing several hymns my husband, assisted by Mr. Harris, baptized seventeen men and women. It was a most solemn service, and the earnest expression on many faces touched one's heart deeply. Publicly to confess Christ in baptism is, for these people, in a very real sense to 'come out . . . and be separate.'"

New Year's Day, 1900, found the country plunged deeply into all the horrors of war; it found also the members of the S.A.G.M. rising nobly to the opportunities of Christian service thus afforded. In both divisions of the Mission measures for the benefit of the troops were organized. In Cape Colony, Mr. Hurrell, the Sailors' Missionary, was told off to visit the transports as they arrived in quick succession. Messrs. Huskisson and Darrall set up "Soldiers' Homes" at Modder River and De Aar, and further rendered most valuable help in the fighting line by assisting the wounded, ministering physical and spiritual relief. Lord Methuen gave practical proof of his approval of their efforts by a donation of £5 to the Mission, and Lord Wolseley wrote from London :—

"All who take an interest in the welfare of our Army must cordially approve of the good work done amongst our soldiers in South Africa by your Mission. From my heart I wish the S.A.G.M. every success in its efforts to help men whom I know to be so well deserving of it."

In Natal, equal solicitude was shown for the welfare of the gallant men who faced without murmur the appalling task that confronted them. Mr. Ion Smyth, of the S.A.G.M. Soldiers' Home at Maritzburg, proceeded to Ladysmith, where he was joined by an old comrade,

Mr. James Taylor. Together they shared the privations of the siege and the perils of the sortie. They were on the field at Elandslaagte, Tinta Inyoni, Lombard's Kop and Wagon Hill. At the first-named battle they picked up a Dutch lad of some eighteen years of age. He could not speak a word of English, so Taylor asked a man lying near him to act as interpreter. This man had both arms shattered, but notwithstanding this he complied with the request, and translated the message of the Gospel to his dying comrade.

Meanwhile, in Durban, Walton and his helpers were sparing no efforts. Hospital ships were regularly visited; work at the front organized; refugees ministered to, and, in addition, the usual work of the Mission was sustained. But it was not consonant with Walton's temperament thus to remain at "the base" when "the front" called for further reinforcement, and in the middle of February he obtained a permit to proceed to Colenso. Here he spent a fortnight, ably supported by Messrs. Hinde and Fleming of the Soldiers' Christian Association. Friends had supplied him with a large case of Marked Testaments, and these were most thankfully received.

"I unpacked my box at the railway station, and soon had many soldiers round me asking for a Testament. There was quite a stream of men from the camp to my tent, and I soon had distributed 600 copies.

"The Soldiers' Home tent is immensely appreciated and is full all day long. The two dear workers have been patiently sowing seed, and all seemed ready for reaping. The Marked Testaments were a good advertisement for our meeting, and at least a hundred men foregathered. God was with us, and as the meeting went on a very deep work of conviction was manifest. To our joy fourteen came to our tents for prayer."

Mission affairs now demanded Walton's presence in Durban, and reluctantly he turned his face coastwards. Very shortly after his return the whole Empire was thrilled by the news that Ladysmith was at last relieved.

Though its defenders averred that they could have held out another month, the severe privations undergone, and the consequent tale of disease, had reduced the garrison to a pitiable condition of weakness. No fewer than 8,424 patients had been treated in the hospitals, of whom some 1,710 were suffering from enteric fever. Among the victims to this scourge was Mr. Ion Smyth, who had so nobly devoted himself to the work entrusted to his charge.

XII

THE BOER WAR (*Continued*)

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—LUKE 22. 61.

I SAW His face of Sorrows;
His eyes of tenderest care,
They gazed in deep compassion
Upon my wanderings here.
I tried to hide but could not,
While as He looked, He said:
"Poor sinful soul, *I love you,*
For you My blood was shed."

It seemed as if He followed
Along my sinful track,
And as He did He told me
"He died to bring me back."
It broke my heart, it won me,
Down at His feet I fell:
His love in all its fulness
I try, but cannot tell.

I saw His face of beauty;
My heart was growing cold,
The world had tried to share it,
And had secured a hold.
But, oh! He whispered, "Follow,"
While as He called I saw
In Him such wondrous beauty,
I want the world no more.

And since I've followed Jesus,
I'm held in His embrace,
I love to rest and listen,
While gazing on His face.
My heart is won completely
From all the world could give,
And now 'tis Jesus only,
To work, to die, to live!

Once more I'll see His beauty,
'Tis when He comes for me;
The day is not far distant;
Sometimes I think I see
His light, like bursting sunrise,
But then it fades away,
And as I wait I whisper,
"He'll come for me one day."

W. S. W.

CHAPTER XII

The Boer War (*Continued*)

THE course of this record has shown that Walton possessed many of the qualities inseparable from one who has proved himself a leader of men. Not least important among them is a sympathetic interest in the fortunes of his followers, by manifestation of which many a general has won the confidence and devotion of his men. On the re-opening of communications with Ladysmith one of the first messages despatched to Walton announced the serious condition of Mr. Ion Smyth, who for thirteen weeks had lain in the grip of enteric. At once he left for Ladysmith once more. By March 8 he was at Colenso, and his diary gives a vivid record of his impressions :—

" The village was full of wagons loading up stores for starved Ladysmith. Many of the relieved were passing through Colenso. I have never seen anything to equal their looks. They were reduced to skin and bone, so to speak, with hungry eyes and gaunt cheeks which told of weeks of strain. I managed a chat with several, and found in every case a subdued spirit, and a ready response.

" We had a chance to get off in a wagon that afternoon, but as the oxen were overdone the owner told us it would probably mean two nights on the road. Strolling over the footbridge temporarily built over the wreck of the railway bridge we saw, on the Ladysmith side of the Tugela, the first railway material train from the latter place. The guard, on seeing our passes, told us we were at liberty to travel by it. This was just like our dear Master. The line over which we travelled took us through the scenes of the fiercest fights of last week. The country could only be described as one long line of natural fortresses covered with

trenches and sangars ingeniously constructed by the enemy.

"As we steamed slowly along we could see the effects of shell and bullet. The lyddite had burned trees yellow, the ground had been churned up with our shrapnel, iron houses had been riddled by bullets, and chipped boulders on all sides told of a veritable storm of lead.

"By-and-by we reached the neutral camp at N'domba Spruit. The railway divided it in two; on our left was the Indian camp, and on the right a village of tents and marquees occupied by the English sick and dying. . . . Nearly 600 whites have died since the beginning of the siege in this camp alone. . . . Some convalescents came to the train and looked worse than ghastly. We were soon at Ladysmith, grieved to find Smyth had had a grave relapse."

On March 11 the condition of Mr. Smyth was so critical that Walton telegraphed to his fiancée, a worker in the Mission at Durban, who, in the care of Mrs. Walton, at once proceeded to Ladysmith. Two or three days of alternating hope and despair were passed, then, on March 15, with the words "Jesus! I am ready!" he passed to his rest.

"At 12.30 the next day," wrote Spencer, "a few of us committed his dust to the Lord's care, 'Till He come.' Many soldiers would have come, but were not able, owing to shifting camps. But our Master was there, as really as at the grave at Bethany. The body, covered by the Union Jack, as it passed through the streets, was saluted by the passing soldiers."

On returning to Durban much time was spent in sending up boxes of comforts and clothing, etc., to be dispensed by Mr. James Taylor, now an accepted worker on the Mission staff in place of Mr. Smyth.

The presence at the Mission House of so many Missionaries suggested the desirability of mutual conference upon some of the practical problems arising from their work among the heathen. The conference met in the last week of April, the chief subjects dealt with being polygamy, beer-drinking, and the question of educating the native people. Many who read these lines will commend the decision of the conference that "above all things the natives should be taught to read the

Scriptures in their own tongue, and that no permanent work could be expected without this: for, without denying or disparaging the benefits of education, it was recognized that we as a Mission could not carry it much further, and that our great and constant purpose should be to evangelize the people, while encouraging everything subservient that would benefit them, intellectually, morally and spiritually."

In May Walton's presence was required at Ladysmith, and the writer of this record gladly accepted an invitation to accompany him. We reached Ladysmith in the cold grey dawn of a winter morning, before the mists had rolled away from M'bulwana and the surrounding hills. Soon, however, one height after another emerged from the enfolding clouds, and in some faint degree one was enabled to realize the magnitude of the task devolving alike upon the defenders of the little town, and upon those who so indomitably pressed on to its relief. Our objective was Camp Drift, some three or four miles beyond the town where the first Cavalry Brigade was encamped, and where Mr. James Taylor had pitched the S.A.G.M. tents. We had just finished breakfast at the Royal Hotel (still bearing traces of the Boer bombardment) when Taylor arrived with the cart duly inscribed and everywhere recognized as "The Soldiers' Own." This vehicle was the gift of friends and proved of the utmost value in the work of the Mission. Daily it visited the railway station and collected parcels which might otherwise for long have remained unclaimed amongst tons of military stores. And more, when an advance was ordered the Mission workers were rendered independent of transport officers, as it was available for themselves and all their impedimenta.

The drive to the camp was full of sad interest. Newly filled holes in the roadways spoke forcibly of "Long Tom." A house with shattered walls and wrecked verandah had been the headquarters of Sir George White. Dug-

out shelters lining the banks of the Klip river preserved the memory of hours of suspense endured by the women and children, who, but for them must have been subject to all the risks of shell fire.

At length we reached the camp of the First Cavalry Brigade, with the tents of the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 13th Hussars extending in long lines over the veldt. Hard by, upon the side of a low hill, stood the S.A.G.M. tents, and in close proximity, that of the Soldiers' Christian Association, whose representative, Mr. R. Fleming, readily co-operated with Taylor in their common labour of love.

A sketch of one day's work will be descriptive of all. By the time the "Soldiers' Own" returned from the station the doctors in charge of the field hospital attached to the brigade had made their rounds. Provided then with various little comforts we made our way to the hospital tents. Enteric and dysentery accounted for the majority of the inmates, and the sick men were grateful as we bathed their fevered brows with eau-de-Cologne, and were thankful to receive small veils of mosquito netting for the purpose of protecting their faces, in some measure, from the intolerable attacks of swarms of flies. Here a lad would dictate a letter to the old folks at home, and there a wasted hand would draw a crumpled note from beneath the pillow, and eyes would look the thanks that parched lips fain would utter for the promise to see the missive safely posted home. In no single instance were spiritual ministrations refused; even where extreme weakness prevented any audible response, a hand would be raised in token of appreciation of the quiet word of prayer or verse of some familiar hymn learned long since in the far-off home.

Besides those actually in hospital we met with large numbers of men who, while feeling really ill, manfully persisted in their duty and refused to give in. Friends in Durban had forwarded cases of arrowroot, Liebig's

extract, fruit, etc., and could the donors have seen how gladly their gifts were received, they would have been amply repaid for any self-denial of which those gifts were the outcome. The afternoons were usually occupied with the distribution of these comforts, and at times an impromptu Bible reading would be held before the call "Stables" summarily dispersed the interested audience.

Every evening, on the veldt between the lines, with no canopy but the purple African sky, we held a service, the congregation numbering three, four or five hundred. By the light of hurricane lanterns and an acetylene lamp, hymns were sung, the men lying prone, wrapped in great coats, or standing in groups, not only within the area of illumination but far out into the shadows beyond. Never could preacher command more reverent attention than that we experienced on these memorable evenings. All seemed softened and rendered impressionable by the experiences through which they had so recently passed, and by the sickness and death so prevalent around.

Upon the conclusion of the open-air service adjournment was made to the large tent, and an informal prayer or praise meeting held. Lovingly and earnestly the offer of the Gospel was presented, and only time—nay, only eternity—will reveal the momentous issues there and then decided. It was not an unusual thing, long after "Lights Out" had been sounded, and a deep stillness had settled over the sleeping camp, for some dear lad to make his way in the darkness to the workers' tent, and beg earnestly to be shown the pathway into light eternal.

In July Walton organized a series of services in Durban for the deepening of the spiritual life. These over he was away to the front again, this time at Ingagane, in the extreme north of Natal. At this time of the year—mid-winter in South Africa, the cold was too great to allow

of open-air work at nights, but Walton was equal to the occasion :—

"After prayer I was led to consult the General as to what was best to be done. He kindly lent us a railway wagon cover, and by first extending the outer fly of our 12 × 12 tent and then adding the wagon cover we were able to make a canvas tunnel about 53 feet long. The O.C. of the 6th Co. A.S.C. kindly lent us a number of full biscuit boxes for seats, and thus enabled us to accommodate some 200 men. Still this was far too small, and Fleming had to run down to Durban and get up a marquee, which held about 350. We were thus able to keep our small tent for prayer meetings. The meetings commence at 7 o'clock, but often the men congregate before half-past five, and by 6 o'clock every available seat is occupied. From six to seven we have singing, with two violins and one cornet accompaniment. From seven to eight we preach the Gospel, and night after night, without any after meeting, it has been our joy to point sinners to Him who taketh away the sin of the world.

"It is a great joy to us to contribute to their personal comfort when consignments of socks, shirts, towels and warm sleeping caps arrive from Durban for distribution. Week in, week out, the large attendances continue, and there is a capital turn out to the afternoon Bible readings for the Christian lads. I often feel, as I sit and talk to them of the deeper things of the Spirit, how needful such times are for the young converts who have just begun to live a life of faith in the Son of God.

"We felt the gambling in camp to be a great curse to the men, and after much prayer Fleming and I made an attack upon this great evil. We spoke frankly to the men, and told them what a sin it was. The Lord set His seal to the Word, and so much blessed it, that they began to bring us their money, asking us to send it home for them. Others requested us to get watches and other things for them so that their spare cash might not be a temptation to gamble. In this way some £600 passed through our hands."

It will not be a surprise to read that upon his next return to Durban, Walton began to show symptoms of overstrain. His doctor ordered a curtailment of work; this command he obeyed by leaving almost at once for a tour in Tongaland! The journey was full of incident. At one halting place a service was held on the Sunday :—

"We had a sheltered spot for the meeting in the shadow of an enormous ant-hill. Mr. Waters spoke first, then Mr. Worcester, on

the way to the Great King. This he illustrated by pretending to start off for the king's kraal, but turning aside to pick up things. The people watched him with intense interest. I then showed them my 'ironclad' watch, which is a patent one, the case being separate from the works. Taking the inside of the watch out I threw the case to one of the men and asked if it spoke. 'No.' 'Was it pretty?' 'No.' I showed them how like that was to a man without Christ. These object lessons seemed to interest them much.

"As we were only 12 miles from the king's kraal we reached it next day, outspanning on the border of his garden and waiting for him to come and receive us. He welcomed us cordially and we drank coffee together. He introduced us to many of his wives, and also to his mother, a tall, stately, shrewd-looking Swazie. We afterwards paid a visit to the queen-mother. My present greatly pleased her, and in return she wished to give me half a sovereign, which I declined, but accepted a mat which she had made. We had a talk, and found she was by no means indifferent to Christianity. She told us it had not got into her heart yet, but it was getting down!

"As we were passing through the king's kraal again he called one of his men and sent him after us with a goat as a present. He laid it at our feet and then, in accordance with their usual custom, we returned half of the animal to the king as a present from us. After tea that evening the king and his two teachers, who have taught him to read, joined us as we sat in the moonlight beside our camp fire, and we had a long talk with him. He told us he was more hungry for Jesus than for his daily food, and was eager to follow Him. I believe him to be sincere, and to be living up to the light he has. If rightly guided, and truly converted to God, what a power for good he may become amongst the thousands of Tongas over whom he rules."

One Sunday was spent at Maputa, where Mr. Waters occupied neat, well kept mission buildings, and where already God was sealing his ministry. Thence Walton journeyed to Kosi Bay, prospecting as to openings for additional stations. Concerning the district he wrote:—

"The country we passed through next day resembled an English park. It was dotted over with clumps of trees, with here and there small plantations of wild bananas. As we came into the bush country we rested for a couple of hours beside a kraal, then passing through a hilly, wooded belt we reached some beautiful pasture land and presently there burst upon our view the entrance to Kosi Bay with its clear blue water and foaming bar.

"This is an *untouched* district with a people lying in darkness, and in the shadow of death, *without a single witness* to carry to them the Gospel of Christ. We believe there is a tide now in Ama Tongaland, which if taken advantage of may lead to many precious souls being won for Jesus. God forbid that we should be slack to go in and possess this land for Him. Never before in South Africa have I seen such an open door, where the people are asking for missionaries and willing to receive them."

The remaining months of the year were occupied with much varied mission and convention work—Wellington, Capetown, Beaufort West, Grahamstown, were visited in turn, and always the same report reached headquarters of marked and lasting blessing. One result of the continued military operations in South Africa was the continued congestion of the wharves at Durban. Every available berth was occupied week after week by vessels laden with munitions and supplies. For some time workers connected with the S.A.G.M. had endeavoured to carry the Gospel to the crews of these ships, Walton himself, when in Durban, regularly visiting the vessels. He now felt that the time had come for the organization of a Sailors' Home or Institute, and to this matter gave a great deal of prayerful consideration. The provision of such a building was delayed for some time, but in April, 1901, Walton welcomed with deep gratitude the arrival of Mr. E. L. Neilson, engaged for special service amongst the sailors.

The summer of 1901 was very hot and trying, and as a time of furlough was due, Walton decided to avail himself thereof, and booked his passage by SS. *Briton* in April. The weeks immediately preceding the date of sailing were fully occupied in making final arrangements for the voyage, and for the efficient carrying out of the work of the Mission during his absence. These concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Walton with their three children sailed for England on April 12.

Owing to the prevalence of bubonic plague at Capetown he was unable to visit the mission workers there,

as no one was allowed to pass from the docks to the town. The Sailors' Rest at Capetown stands within the dock limits, and anxious to buy up the opportunity Walton held three services there before the *Briton* sailed.

XIII

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

He could not love me better
(A sinner dark as night);
For me He left the glory,
That glory fair and bright.
From heights of cloudless sunshine,
To depths of deepest woe;
Oh! love that passeth knowledge,
To think He loved me so!

He could not love me better;
He gave His life for me,
A willing, spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary!
And there alone He suffered;
He bore the curse, the guilt;
The Just One for the unjust,
His precious blood was spilt.

He could not love me better;
As Victor o'er the tomb
He took the sting of death away,
Dispelling all the gloom.
Captive, He led captivity,
And set the prisoner free,
Brought joy, and peace, and gladness,
In place of misery.

He could not love me better,
He keeps me all the way,
And when I grasp His pierced hand,
He never lets me stray.
When empty, then He fills me;
When weak, He makes me strong,
And e'en the wail of sorrow
He turns into a song.

He could not love me better;
For me He does prepare,
Among His many mansions,
A special place up there;
And I, with many another,
Am called to be His bride,
His own especial treasure,
His Church for whom He died.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER XIII

"In Journeyings Often"

AFTER the strenuous years of pioneering, evangelizing, and organization the visit to England was thoroughly well earned. Mrs. Walton thus describes the holiday :—

"On arriving in England we went almost immediately North to Bridge of Allan to my dear mother's house, and left the children there with her. We made her home our headquarters while in this country and the children stayed all the time with her.

"After a few days in Scotland we returned South and were hospitably entertained at Corrie Lodge by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Head, whose friendship we had valued and enjoyed for many years. Some little time was spent seeing our S.A.G.M. Council, etc., and then we returned to Bridge of Allan, and enjoyed some weeks' complete rest, before joining the S.A.G.M. party at the Keswick Convention. Spencer spoke on the Wednesday afternoon, at a crowded meeting in the tent, on the work at the front. The other speaker was one of the China Inland Missionaries, who related his experiences in the Boxer troubles. Both addresses were thrilling with interest.

"After a delightful holiday in Scotland during August, we commenced deputation work in England and Scotland, and during the next few months visited Newcastle, Manchester, Beckenham, Reading, Champion Hill, Orpington, Ash, Christchurch, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Crieff, Cardiff, Montrose, Dundee and Stirling.

"Christmas was spent at Bridge of Allan, the first Christmas our children had spent at home, and great was their delight at seeing the snow and having a Christmas tree!"

In February, 1902, Walton sailed in the SS. *Lucania* for New York, and the vessel was hardly moored when letters expressing the warmest welcome from Christian

leaders were placed in his hands, among them being greetings from the pastor of a church in Brooklyn, and from Dr. Stearns, of Germantown. Both these servants of God were large-hearted men, deeply concerned in the evangelization of the world. Although the former Church is by no means wealthy no fewer than fourteen workers represent it in the foreign field, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes, of the S.A.G.M., being among them. In his diary Walton describes his first meeting.

"We had a blessed time. It was a time of liberty and power, then such a welcome from the congregation in true American style. They were most keen to hear news of the Keyes, and I was able to give them plenty. Doors are opening, and God's hand and care are seen. It is such a rest to know it is God who worketh for them that wait for Him."

At a meeting organized for the S.A.G.M. by a local officer of the Salvation Army, Spencer was amused at finding "a big poster outside announcing that the Rev. Dr. Spencer Walton, from South Africa," was "to talk"! The meeting was a hearty one, and though the people were poor they insisted on offering three and a half dollars for S.A.G.M. work.

In 1898 Mr. and Mrs. Walton had had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Stearns to South Africa, where his special addresses had proved extremely helpful. It was now the turn of the Doctor to welcome his former host. Walton was most enthusiastic over the tokens of life presented by Dr. Stearn's Church :—

"God has done, and is still doing, a remarkable work through His servant. His Church is small, and very simple, with an appreciative, living congregation. Over the Communion Table is hung a missionary map of the world showing the still untouched districts, a constant reminder to those who attend of the needs of the dying heathen. I enjoyed the privilege of preaching and holding Bible Readings with such a responsive people. During my visit I was able to be present at some of the Bible Classes conducted by Dr. Stearns, and was impressed by the numbers attending and the manner in which they were conducted.

Before the readings, missionary reports and letters were read from various parts of the world.

"The report for last year seems like a peep at Apostolic days again. During the year Dr. Stearns gave no less than 434 messages, including 73 in ten different cities and towns on the Pacific coast. He travelled over 32,000 miles, and received £4,051 for mission work, of which his own small Church contributed £814. No personal solicitation is made, but the needs are simply presented. Special missionaries are supported in several fields, and just before I left, our good friend undertook to support one of our men in Tongaland."

Much to Walton's satisfaction Dr. Stearns very kindly promised to act as Hon. Treasurer of the American auxiliary of the S.A.G.M., a post which he still fills with conspicuous ability.

Another visit which afforded him much pleasure was that paid to the Home of the China Inland Mission at Morristown. This was the gift to the C.I.M. of a young Christian man, Mr. Horace Coleman, given by him as a thank-offering for prosperity in his business career. Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor were able to help Walton considerably by commending him to friends who sympathized with missionary work.

"Their spirit," he wrote, "is very blessed. They are so glad to introduce me to their friends, counting all the work as one, and not two Missions. Oh, for more of this spirit, the true Christ spirit—'That they may all be one.' We had a season of prayer and then Coleman gave me a cheque for £50 for the Mission. I was too overcome to speak for a while. How good of God!"

In the diary of this visit occurs a passage which should be quoted here. It strikes the keynote of dear Walton's life and reveals the abiding motive of his service :—

"*February* 17. My spiritual birthday. Thirty years ago to-day God found me a poor lost sinner, and saved me. What care, what patience, what forbearance, what grace ever since! I owe Him a debt I can never pay. To Him be all the glory!"

While in the States on this occasion Walton was enabled to realize a long cherished wish to visit Chicago. Three of his colleagues in South Africa—Miss Ringland,

Miss Soyland, and Mr. Lindfield were alumni of Mr. Moody's famous Bible Training School in that city, and this fact afforded an additional incentive to such a visit. He was cordially welcomed at the School and spent a happy and useful week beneath its roof. The intense earnestness of the students impressed him much :—

"It is delightful to see all these dear young people here with one object—to get Bible tuition with the idea of a missionary life. Some are unable to pay the fees and so work in the house and study in their spare time. They were all so glad to hear about Lindfield, Miss Soyland and Miss Ringland."

He was amazed at the great evangelistic meeting held every Saturday from 5.30 till 9 p.m., and felt deeply the privilege of being asked to speak from Moody's platform. The people present were greatly interested in his description of mission work in South Africa, and amongst other results was the collection, from that time onward, of offerings for foreign work.

Walton was sorely grieved at all he saw in a service conducted by Dowie :—

"He has hired the finest hall in Chicago, which holds 6,000 people. A grand organ, well played, accompanied a procession. First came surpliced choristers, then deacons and deaconesses in black gowns. The tassels in their college caps differed with the ecclesiastical rank of the wearer. Last of all came Dowie and his four assistants, he in the robes of an archbishop and they in plainer ones. Marching to the strains of a processional hymn they filled the platform. Then Dowie turned to the people, bowed to right and left, and then, with uplifted hands pronounced the Aaronic blessing. I could not stand it, and left!"

A short time at Northfield, with Mr. Moody, jun., followed the visit to Chicago. Here all connected with the great evangelist was eagerly inspected, and Walton then proceeded to the seminary at Mount Hermon, some four miles distant. Here he addressed a band of students, and at Northfield, on the return journey, spoke of South Africa to an audience assembled in the church. An outcome of his address was an undertaking on the part of his hearers to raise seventy-five dollars to help

build a church for Mr. Baillie in distant Swazieland. But the most memorable feature of the days at Northfield was the visit to D. L. Moody's grave :—

"It is marked by a plain granite stone bearing Mr. Moody's name, date of birth and of death, and beneath, the inscription : 'He that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever.' It is a hallowed, sacred spot on the little knoll where he loved to rest, or to hold meetings. We stood by it bare-headed while I prayed, thanking God for all His servant had been allowed to do, and beseeching Him to let the mantle of Elijah fall upon Elisha."

From Northfield Spencer proceeded to Montreal, where he was welcomed by the sister-in-law of General Hatt-Noble, so well known in Christian circles in England. Here, too, he succeeded in enlisting several new helpers for the Mission. While at Montreal the thirteenth anniversary for the founding of the S.A.G.M. evoked these words in the diary :—

"Thirteen years of testing, failure, victory, and blessing. God faithful all through. The last two years have been the most trying, but it is all His way of training, and we can kiss the rod as well as the hand that holds it."

Ottawa was the next town to be visited, where friendships formed on the former tour were renewed. While in this city Walton was cheered at finding fruit of his ministry in former years. He received a letter from a lady who had been brought to Christ by his means in Ireland twenty years previously, and a man spoke to him at the close of one of his services informing him that an address delivered at Leamington fifteen years before had been the means of his conversion.

A flying visit to Niagara is now recorded, and the grandeur of the scene spoke eloquently to Spencer's heart. He writes :—

"The falls, the rapids, the icehills, the spray with its prismatic colouring baffle description. But what appealed to me were the possibilities of all this mighty power. 'Out of him shall flow rivers of living water' was continually suggested to me. Out of me, out of God's weakest child, a mightier power than

Niagara can flow. Follow this mighty rush of water—it is lost in the ocean. Follow those living waters ; no ocean can swallow them up ! They reach N. S. E. W.—India, China, Africa, all the world over. Oh, to be in His hands, quiet, trustful, surrendered that His power may flow through me."

On April 2 Walton embarked for England in the *Oceanic*, and reached home without incident. Here, however, sad news awaited him from South Africa. In a previous chapter we mentioned the death of Mr. Emil Lindfield, and have seen with what interest that worker's career was being followed by fellow-students in Chicago. His fate was tragic, and an additional element of pathos was present in the fact that when overtaken thereby he was on his way to meet the Norwegian lady to whom he was about to be married. A brief telegram apprised the Mission staff at Durban that " Lindfield was with the Lord." Further details were anxiously awaited, and these came to hand in letters from Miss Soyland—a fellow-student—then resident at Mount Tabor station on Lake S. Lucia. Miss Soyland's narrative told how

" At noon the post-boy came alone and said Mr. Lindfield was lying near the Lake, and that he had been ' struck by something on his leg and was unable to walk.' This was all he would tell us about his condition, but when he told us that Mr. Lindfield had been lying there since the previous night, we knew something very serious must have occurred. Gumede and I started immediately for the Lake, not knowing what had actually happened, and almost dreading to find out. We soon reached the Lake, and I went to his side and was just going to ask what had happened when he said : ' Please don't speak.' Realizing it would be easier for him to say what was needed than to answer questions I was silent, and he looked at me and said, ' Crocodile.' That awful word and all it implied almost made one's heart stand still. I asked if he were much hurt. (The postboy had covered his body). He replied ' Both my hands are gone and there's a fearful gash in my side.' I afterwards learned that the wound reached from the abdomen to the knee on his left side. On my asking if he could bear being carried home he said he must first have ' something to put him to sleep.' After a while he gave me a long look and said : ' I must die, you know.' I felt the natives could not make clear to Miss Glass what was

needed, and so set off for home at a run to get what medicines we could to ease him. This we sent in by a boy, Miss Glass and I following. Near the place where he lay our two house boys met us with sad faces, and one said: 'He is not here now.' The other boy said, 'He is dead,' and walked off, unable to say more. . . . Then Gumede told us about his last moments. He seemed to think about everybody but himself. Then he said: 'It is all right. It is good for me to go to the Lord.' Shortly afterwards he fell asleep."

This was a great shock to Walton. Not only did he entertain a great regard for Mr. Lindfield, but he had looked forward to his accomplishing a great work in Tongaland. Towards this development he had received a gift of £200 from friends in England, and many promises of support from those met in America. Though God removes His workmen He continues their work, and in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. George Gale, Emil Lindfield has two whole-hearted successors.

In May Walton sailed for South Africa once more. The fourteen months of absence had been filled with varied service in the interests of his beloved Mission, and it was with unfeigned joy he found himself again amongst his loyal co-workers. One of the first objects of his care was the long hoped for "Rest" for the sailors. It was felt that the purchase of land was quite impracticable. The boom which followed the termination of the war had caused an absurd inflation of prices, plots of ground of 80 by 50 feet, selling for as much as £1,800. Walton therefore petitioned the Harbour Board for a site on the dock side, and the request was very cordially responded to. A piece of land, in the heart of the docks, 100 by 50, was granted on a squatting lease, and his success in this respect encouraged him to appeal to the merchants of Durban for funds for building.

It was contrary to his convictions to commence the work until the money was in hand; by the beginning of 1903 his faith had justified itself, and he was able thankfully to announce gifts to the amount of £1,300. The Saturday

night prayer meeting at the Mission House had much to do with this!

"It was here," wrote Spencer, "our need of a new Sailors' Rest was first mentioned. Over and over again our prayers are turned into praise. We never shall forget the night a letter came from a dear friend in England promising £250 towards our new Sailors' Rest. Our meeting was just closed when the English mail arrived. We read the letter aloud. Such a burst of praise came from all present, while we struck up the chorus:—

"I never will cease to praise Him
For what He's done for me!"

Those Saturday nights have a warm place in the memory of many of us who knew their value. The hearty Christian fellowship, the fervent prayers, the stimulating message from dear Spencer, or perchance from some missionary passing through Durban, have again and again sent us to our work for Christ on the succeeding Sunday with new courage and fresh vigour. I think Spencer would have allowed nothing on earth to keep him from his fellowship meeting at the close of the week!

God certainly did answer His children's prayers in the matter of the Sailors' Rest. The Superintendent of the Union Castle Co. invited several of the leading merchants to meet Walton and himself, and as a result £1,000 was guaranteed before the meeting closed! A leading electrician most generously gave the electric light installation; other friends gave glass and crockery ware, cutlery, etc., while a local sign writer as his contribution painted the words "Sailors' Rest" in huge letters upon the roof. The building was opened by Lady Greenacre on January 7, the Dedication Service being conducted by the Vicar of S. Paul's.

Mr. Neilson continues to supervise the work here, and many a man has had cause to bless God for his servant Spencer Walton, to whose faith and work the Rest stands as a monument to-day.

XIV

FAREWELL TO AFRICA

JESUS HIMSELF

I've seen the face of Jesus,
  He smiled in love on me;
It filled my heart with rapture,
  My soul with ecstasy.
The scars of deepest anguish
  Were lost in glory bright;
I've seen the face of Jesus,
  It was a wondrous sight!

And since I've seen His beauty,
  All else I count but loss:
The world, its fame and pleasure,
  Is now to me but dross.
His light dispelled my darkness,
  His smile was oh! so sweet;—
I've seen the face of Jesus,
  I can but kiss His feet!

I've heard the voice of Jesus;
  He told me of His love,
And called me His own treasure,
  His undefiled, His dove!
It came like softest breezes
  Across an ocean calm,
And seemed to play so gently
  Some wondrous holy psalm!

I've felt the touch of Jesus:—
  My brow it throbbed with care,
He touched it, oh! so softly,
  And whispered "Do not fear";
Like clouds before the sunshine
  My cares have rolled away,
I'm sitting in His presence:
  It is a cloudless day.

I know He's coming shortly
  To take us all above,
To sing redemption's story,
  The story of His love.
We'll hear His voice of music,
  We'll feel His hand of care;—
He'll never rest, He says so,
  Until He has us there!

W. S. W.

CHAPTER XIV

Farewell to Africa

IT is not granted to every worker for Christ to see definite results, or results on a large scale. Many there are who faithfully sow the seed year by year, content to know that the Lord of the Harvest accepts the service rendered, even though the reaping be entrusted to other hands. For has not He Himself declared, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that he that soweth and he that reapeth *may rejoice together*"? To Walton, however, was granted continually to see his work crowned with success. Yet never for a moment did this render him unduly elated; never did it subtly suggest that less prayer, less communion with God, less self-discipline were thereby rendered sufficient. Rather was he the more thrown upon God in uttermost reliance that Divine power might be yet more manifest in his weakness.

It will be remembered that in 1898 he was much used of God in a Mission at Clumber, Cape Colony. In April of this year, 1903, he revisited the church in which that mission had been held. Again he was privileged to see the fruit of his labour. The Wesleyan minister in charge of the circuit wrote:—

"The power of the Holy Spirit was manifested at all the meetings and there was much blessing. . . . The work was marked by all absence of excitement, and it seemed to be thorough and deep. One could not help being struck with two facts; first, that it is chiefly among the young that the work of salvation goes on, and second, that the children of out and out Christians

give themselves readily to the Lord. . . . Though it is now over five weeks since the services were held the deepened spirituality of the circuit in general is very evident."

In one family four of its members professed definite conversion: in another, five received blessing. On the return journey from Clumber, Walton was asked by the ministers at Port Elizabeth to conduct two days' evangelistic services. Here, again, he was gladdened by meeting those whom he had been enabled to help. A lady informed him that her two brothers had been converted in the Exhibition Buildings in 1888. She herself had been much blessed through his instrumentality at Graaf Reinett, and that evening her son, who had wandered from the Lord, had been brought back! As he was leaving Port Elizabeth, a bright young Christian man informed him he had been converted at the mission held in Emmanuel Church, Wimbledon. So again and yet again God's faithfulness was demonstrated.

Meanwhile the work of the Mission had been gaining ground. The appointment to Tongaland of Mr. and Mrs. Gale has already been noticed. A valuable reinforcement was now available in the person of Dr. L. E. Hertslet, a fully qualified medical man. This was one answer to prayer; another was the gift of a transport wagon for this station.

For some months in this summer Mrs. Walton was *hors de combat.* A very happy day had been spent at the Bluff (a favourite pic-nic resort with Durban folk) with some workers from the Rest and those about to return to Tongaland. Returning Mrs. Walton met with a painful accident at the Ferry, dislocating her knee-cap, as it was thought. Further examination disclosed a fracture, necessitating an operation and subsequent weeks of enforced rest. She recovered in time to welcome Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Maynard, and Mr. T. B. Miller, members of the Mission Council, who had arrived in South Africa to see for themselves something of the

work in which they were so deeply interested. Their first journey under Walton's care was to Lake S. Lucia, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Feyling's station on the ridge. Thence they trekked to Makowe, where Mr. Keyes had experienced a very heavy strain upon his resources by reason of a severe famine. The workers at both places were greatly cheered by the solicitude of their visitors, which had prompted them to undertake so long a journey.

On returning from this visitation an expedition to Swazieland was undertaken, the party consisting of Messrs. Maynard, Miller, and Walton. The missionaries at their posts took the opportunity of convening a "Native Conference." This assembled at Bethany, the workers from other Swazieland stations travelling thither for the purpose. The days were fully occupied in prayer and deliberation upon questions of Mission policy, and in meetings for the native Christians. One feature of the conference which filled the hearts of the workers with deep joy was the celebration of the Lord's Supper, when missionaries and native Christians, perhaps fifty in all, met at the Table of the Lord. One of the ladies present has vividly sketched a service open to all, both Christian and heathen :—

"The service was held in the open air under the shade of a wagon sail stretched over bamboos and the boughs of trees. A few benches formed a square, and on these some of the Christian men and women sat, while the space in the centre was closely packed with Christians and heathen sitting on the ground. Here was a row of Christian girls in their bright-coloured cotton frocks, there a group of heathen women with blankets, skin petticoats, and babies on their backs, and in another corner a number of young men adorned with gay handkerchiefs and brilliant coloured woollen belts and tassels. In all there must have been over two hundred present."

The conference closed with an address from Walton on "All spiritual blessings." Then prayer, and the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," and the first Swazieland Native Conference was ended

The discussion of Mission needs and prospects with these members of the Council led to important decisions regarding Walton's future. It was felt that if the administration of the work in South Africa could be adequately provided for it would be for the benefit of the Mission as a whole if he were set free to use his special gifts in arousing in other lands interest in its work. After the fullest consideration this step was decided upon, and it was arranged that Walton should relinquish his post at Durban in the February following. The intervening weeks were spent in making the necessary preparations for this new departure. In the New Year both Mr. and Mrs. Walton were in Johannesburg, in conference with the leaders of the Mission there.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Walton keenly felt the severance of the many ties that bound them to Natal. Though on the one hand they had experienced many trials and difficulties, on the other they had known the joy of comradeship with their fellow-missionaries and other workers in the Master's cause. Further, the years there spent had seen a great extension of the Mission amongst Zulus, Tongas, Swazies and the Indians of Natal.

"We knew," Mrs. Walton wrote, "that the new work we were undertaking was no sinecure, and that it would entail real sacrifice. There would be much travelling and consequently much separation from loved ones in the home, but when once Spencer knew that he had learned God's mind regarding any change, he rested in the Will of God, and was happy in His service."

Walton's diary mentions with gratitude the last Fellowship meeting at the Mission House before sailing :— A large number of friends assembled, and he describes the occasion as "a wonderful time. The testimonies were most blessed. A God-given reward for the years of toil. Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

On the following (Sunday) evening for the usual "Open air" was substituted a service in the Town Hall. The General Manager of Railways, Sir David

Hunter, presided, and there were present the Mayor and Mayoress and many ministers of the town and district. Sir David Hunter gave at some length a résumé of the work accomplished by the friends "whom we, who live in Durban, have learned from many years of association to esteem and to love," and he concluded with words which must have tempered the sorrow the parting necessarily involved :—

"We shall miss from Durban, where they have laboured so long, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walton, whose work has not been restricted to their own special Mission. All Christian and philanthropic enterprises—the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Sailors' Rest and other institutions have benefited by their work, carried on without sectarian aims and always in a truly co-operative spirit. It has been my privilege to be brought much into contact with Mr. Walton, who is not only an ardent worker himself, but has the enviable faculty, denied to many, of setting others to work, and I have often been stimulated to action by my friend, who was ever active in the interest of others, trying, while passing through the 'Valley of Weeping,' to make it a place of springs, and illustrating

"'That best portion of a good man's life
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.'

"In bidding good-bye for a time to Mr. and Mrs. Walton we do so with the full assurance that the work which they have been honoured to carry on here will have great and abiding results, and that their advocacy of the claims of South Africa upon our fellow-Christians elsewhere will have the effect of maintaining in full and increasing vigour the working of the South Africa General Mission."

Addresses followed from Mr. and Mrs. Walton. The latter spoke of the Gospel as God's power unto salvation ; while Walton himself, after graceful reference to the many kindnesses extended to him, and the frequent opportunities for service afforded him, closed with an earnest appeal to his audience :—

"Let me close with words of another which well sum up all I would fain now say : Submit ; Admit ; Transmit. There must be definite submission to the Will of God at the outset of your Christian life ; there must be the admission of Christ into your

life, if that life is to be fruitful, and having received eternal life yourselves, transmission of that life is a sacred duty for all believers. . . . Good-bye, God bless you. Be assured that Durban will ever be remembered in our prayers."

The Christian public of Durban, to whom Walton had ever rendered all possible assistance, proffered an expression of their gratitude in the form of an address, in which allusion was made to his readiness "to help the ministers and people of the Churches in this town, who have in times of pressure or affliction needed assistance or service."

The signatories to this address represented the Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches—an eloquent testimony to a catholic mind! Together with the address was a purse, subscribed for by friends and well-wishers throughout the town.

On the day of sailing a large number of friends thronged the quay at which the tender was lying, awaiting the last batch of mails and passengers for the SS. *Kildonan Castle*. At length all were on board; the engine-room telegraph rang out its insistent order, and as the little vessel moved into the channel eyes filled with misty tears at the parting, long talked of, but now an accomplished fact. Then a voice burst into song, and another and yet another caught up the melody until nearly all who stood upon the wharf thus found expression of their thought:—

"Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above.
* * * * *
When we asunder part
  It gives us keenest pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
  And hope to meet again."

And that hope is yet to be fulfilled—not here, but in His presence where fulness of joy is found, within those

radiant portals "which, opening, letting in, let out no more."

The voyage was broken at Capetown, for Walton felt that the scene of his earliest labours in South Africa should claim once more such service as he could render. Special meetings were arranged in the large hall of the S.A.G.M., and, as in former years, were not without marks of Divine approval. Especially upon this occasion Walton was used to help numbers of young men. At this time the Synod of the Anglican Church was in progress, to which the writer had been sent as delegate from Natal. Such time as could be snatched from its deliberations was spent in exploring, under Walton's guidance, the beautiful glens which abound on Table Mountain, or in quiet converse in the seclusion of the grounds of Groot Schur. We reviewed the years of happy comradeship in Durban, and discussed the possibilities the future held in store. For one was the prospect of long travel by sea and land—"passing in patience till the work be done"; for the other the manifold activities of a city charge, not unattended with factors of difficulty arising from the critical condition of affairs in the Church in Natal. But the long record of guidance and support upon which Spencer could look back afforded assurance ample for both that He who had led would lead, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

For what unmistakable demonstration he had of this! He arrived in Capetown in the early days of the Cape General Mission with half a dozen workers; he sailed in 1904 rejoicing that its field of operations now extended from Cape Point to Port Herald (on the Zambesi), with stations in such remote districts as Bomvanaland, Pondoland and Gazaland, while the handful of workers had become an army numbering nearly a hundred. Further, the work of those actually in the field was now supported by three unions of Home Helpers, while in

both Canada and the United States Hon. Treasurers had been appointed, through whose efforts a steady flow of financial aid was being maintained. "God First" had ever been the motto of the Mission, and abundantly God had fulfilled His word of old: "Them that honour Me, I will honour. . . . Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all these (needful) things shall be added unto you."

On March 9 Spencer and his family sailed finally from South Africa. It was a source of great pleasure that the vessel, the *Armadale Castle*, was commanded by an earnest Christian sailor, Captain J. C. Robinson, whose solicitude for the spiritual welfare of all in his charge is well known to all who have had the good fortune of voyaging under his command. Services were held for passengers and for crew, and the days sped all too quickly. England was reached on the 26th, and Walton and his party went straight on to Tonbridge, and there he made his new home.

XV

EAST AND WEST

HE IS COMING

Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  And I want to see His face,
To touch those blesséd wound prints,
  Which speak such love and grace.
Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  Can that joyful news be true?
For I long, I long to see Him,
  And I know He's longing too.

Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  It just thrills my heart with bliss,
For I shall see His beauty,
  And His precious feet I'll kiss.
I will bask in holy rapture,
  In the sunshine of His face,
While all the path He led me
  With such joy I will retrace.

Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  He will then make all things plain,
What we thought were bitterest sorrows
  We shall find were greatest gain.
Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  Then the mists will all be gone,
For we'll dwell in endless glory,
  And enjoy an endless morn.

Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  Then He'll call me to His side,
I know I am not worthy,
  Tho' He's made me His own bride.
Even now He calls me, "loved one,"
  "His undefiled, His dove,"
He's cleansed me, made me spotless,
  And He wants me there above.

Oh! they tell me He is coming,
  And my heart it echoes, Come,
Come quickly, blesséd Jesus,
  For I long to rest at home.
But until that day of rapture,
  When I'll see Thee face to face,
Keep me watching, working, waiting,
  Ever telling of Thy grace.

W. S. W.

CHAPTER XV

East and West

TONBRIDGE, a quaint old town on a branch of the Medway, is known to most as the locale of a well-known Public School founded by a Lord Mayor of London in 1553. Its quiet streets still preserve memorials of a bygone time in the shape of gabled houses and strangely carven doors, while the old Norman castle, where in turn Fitz-Gilberts, Clares and Audleys have held sway, still speaks of stirring scenes of chivalry and war.

Here, in a house named after the aforementioned Lord Mayor—Sir Andrew Judd—Walton hoped to spend many happy, useful years. It was characteristic of him that he had not long been resident in the town before he approached the Vicar, the Rev. C. G. Baskerville, upon the subject of a convention. That gentleman, who had already given a son to the C.M.S., gladly acquiesced, the more so that he had himself been praying that some such opportunity might arise.

Accordingly, in June, the first Tonbridge Convention was held, and resulted in great blessing to many. The Rev. F. Paynter presided, and among the speakers were Mr. Albert Head and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor. Walton's list of engagements between March and July bespeak a man wholly devoted to the service of his Lord. In April he was speaking at the annual meetings of the Christian Police Association, and taking meetings at Barnet and S. Leonard's. In May, at the invitation of the Baptist minister at Orpington, he held a fruitful

mission. Later in the same month he was one of the speakers at Guildford Convention. Then followed in quick succession convention meetings at Tonbridge, Beckenham, Southsea, Sevenoaks, Godalming and Tunbridge Wells. In July he held services at Yoxford and Andover, with one quiet restful Sunday at Bury Hill, the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Head. Then followed the Keswick Convention, where Mr. and Mrs. Walton renewed old S.A.G.M. friendships at the house allotted to workers in connexion therewith. It was at this convention that Dr. Torrey delivered his wonderful addresses on the Person and work of the Holy Spirit. These formed a new starting-point in Spencer's service.

Four days at home, and then on the 27th he sailed for the States in the SS. *Baltic*. He had always declined to regard such work as merely "Deputation duty." He had said in his farewell address at Durban :—

> "I am to visit America, not on a begging tour, but to awaken interest in the work of God, and to awaken Christians in the power of the Spirit to their privileges and responsibilities. . . . I shall not beg. My endeavours will be to foster a higher Christian life; for if the life is right with God, all things needful will follow."

In which he was but expressing, as we have seen, convictions fostered by fifteen years of mission work. That he was right was abundantly manifested in the course of this tour; for his diary refers again and again to the matter. Thus on September 1 he writes :—

> "I see more and more how the devil would like us to be ever presenting our Mission claims, etc., and so keep out the blessing; but God will look after our Mission if we seek to present His claims, and His fulness, and so get lives transformed, and men and women filled with Divine power."

Again, September 4 :—

> "At 7.30 the Second Presbyterian Church was packed. I never remember greater liberty in speaking on the S.A.G.M., its origin and work. I spoke for nearly an hour. The claims of God were pressed home first, and the claims of the heathen

last. Dollars came in, but what was far better, souls were definitely blessed."

Once more, September 6:—

"Just as I was going out a letter arrived from one who had received blessing at Northfield to say she would support T——, which means 400 dollars per annum."

Walton's fellow-passengers by the *Baltic* included the Rev. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh; Miss Murray, of the China Inland Mission; and a Presbyterian professor, whom he describes as "a second Andrew Murray"—which, in Walton's lips, was high praise indeed. He was thus able to enjoy much Christian fellowship *en voyage*, and Bible readings and services were soon arranged. On the third night out he delivered a lecture on South Africa, which produced an offertory of over £13, handed to the Sailors' Institutes at Liverpool and New York.

Landing on August 5, he at once proceeded to Northfield, where the convention was in progress. Here he found Mr. and Mrs. Keyes, his colleagues in the S.A.G.M., on furlough from Zululand; the Rev. Campbell Morgan and the Rev. F. S. Webster. The illuminating Bible lectures of Mr. Morgan, and the stirring appeals of Mr. Webster, afforded him much delight. Amongst other acquaintances here made were a niece of Stephen Grellet, herself hoping to enter the mission field; and Miss Campbell, the writer of the well-known hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

During this visit Walton met with many illustrations of the fulfilment of the promise "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." They can best be told in his own words:—

"Arrived at Rochester, I hailed the only cab. I saw a nice-looking fellow evidently wanting one, so I asked him to join me. When we were seated, I asked him if he were a Christian. 'Oh, yes!' he replied, 'may I know your name?' When informed he said: '*You* Spencer Walton! Why I heard you twenty

years ago at a Mildmay Conference and at Whitechapel Salvation Army Barracks. Your testimony then was such a blessing to me.' We had a good time together."

* * * * *

"*September* 18. On my way to Mr. Scott's church (Toronto) I passed a man and his daughter, who looked hard at me and then burst out with: 'Why, Maggie, it is Mr. Spencer Walton!' He then told me how my wife and I had been blessed to him ten years before. He said: 'I can never forget your wife singing: "Will your anchor hold?" My wife and daughter were much blessed too, and I am now a home missionary.'"

* * * * *

"*October* 4. A man came up to me at the close of the meeting to-night to tell me that I led him to Christ twenty years ago at Hamilton, Scotland."

* * * * *

So from time to time the heart of the worker was cheered by these tokens of God's benediction upon his work. But now physical symptoms indicated that the strain of the preceding years was beginning to tell. With ominous frequency the entry appears in the diary, "To bed, but not to sleep"; "Too tired to sleep"; until at length the insomnia called for careful medical treatment. All work was suspended, and Spencer left Toronto for rest and recuperation at Roache's Point. The night of his return to Toronto he characterized as "the worst I ever remember," and he had almost decided to terminate his visit to America and return to England when a cablegram announced that Mrs. Walton—whose assistance in his work he had greatly longed for—would arrive on October 15. Their first opening, after some days' rest, was in Boston, where meetings had been arranged at Dr. Dixon's church. They were much distressed at the prevalence in this city of Unitarianism and Christian Science. Still, in Dr. Dixon they found a man after their own heart, and their services yielded good results in material gifts to the Mission and in spiritual trophies for the Lord. Opportunities were also given

them at the Tremont Temple and at the Gordon Missionary Training School.

The mail which reached Spencer on November 7 brought him heavy tidings. For many years he had enjoyed and valued beyond all expression the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Head. On Thursday, October 20, Mrs. Head addressed a large gathering at Morley Hall, London, her theme being "Praise." The next day she was taken ill, and though in the earliest stages of her illness no immediate danger was apprehended, she became rapidly worse, and despite the most loving and skilful attention, was taken from her loved ones on the morning of October 26. To Mr. and Mrs. Walton the news came with startling suddenness :—

"*November* 7. We heard to-day of dear Mrs. Head's sudden removal. Very much upset and broken down, both of us feeling it most keenly. She was one of our dearest friends, and we loved her dearly. I have never met a more lovely character, nor one who showed more of the sweet spirit of her Master. Our hearts go out to beloved Mr. Head! Our prayers go up for him. This has indeed saddened us."

The weeks that remained were filled with services and meetings, and both Mr. and Mrs. Walton were heartily glad of the comparative quiet of the homeward-bound steamer. They sailed by the SS. *Finland* on December 10, and ten days later were at home with their children.

"A very happy Christmas was spent in our own home at Tonbridge, although we missed the large party to which we were accustomed in the Mission House at Durban, and felt the frost and fog a great contrast to the sunshine and warmth of a tropical climate."

Mrs. Walton supplies some notes of 1905 :—

"On January 2, the very first opportunity Spencer had after his return from America, he and I went to Wimbledon to see dear Mr. Head, whom we had not seen since Mrs. Head's 'Home call.' It was a sad meeting.

"Sunday, the 8th, Spencer spoke with wonderful power at the united meeting for the week of prayer, in the Public Hall,

Tonbridge, on 'David's mighty men':—'Thine we are, David, and on thy side.' The Hall was packed to the door and some had to be turned away. He was not in the best of health at this time, and was advised by his doctor not to work so hard.

"In February I accompanied Spencer to Sunderland, where he held a fortnight's mission in Pastor Marsh's large church. Bible readings in the afternoon and evangelistic services at night. It was a splendidly organized mission with a fine band of workers, Pastor Marsh doing everything he could to help. The result was many souls were saved, Christians brought into liberty and a large amount of missionary interest aroused. We were the guests of a dear old Quakeress, the late Mrs. Backhouse. In March the mission in Tonbridge followed. This was a wonderfully happy mission. There was such a blessed spirit of unity amongst the Christians, we felt from the commencement that we were going to have blessing. On the first Sunday afternoon Spencer had a congregation of about fifteen hundred children in the Parish Church from the various Sunday-schools in the town. At the same hour I had five or six hundred women in the Public Hall. When Spencer came home he said to me: 'I *know* we are going to have blessing, for it has begun with the children.' About three hundred children had remained to the 'after' meeting, and many of them had decided there and then for Christ. Night after night the Public Hall was crowded to excess, and an overflow meeting held in the Victoria Hall, kindly lent by the Wesleyans. It was a time of great blessing, and the praise meeting was a most joyous occasion. The day following Spencer had arranged 'all day' meetings. At the evening meeting he took the chair, and Mr. Albert Head gave a most helpful address to a crowded and attentive audience.

"After this he was at Bath, Wimbledon, Ryde, Southsea, for short visits, with a few days at home as well.

"In May I went with him to Ryde for a ten days' mission. This also was a united mission, and a very happy time, resulting in much missionary interest, as well as great blessing to souls. Then followed short visits to Eastbourne, Blackgang and Ventnor, Guildford and Leeds.

"June 3, the entry in his diary is 'Home—very, very tired.' In the middle of June the convention at Tonbridge took place again, for which he had made all the arrangements. This was a great success. Southsea Convention followed, and later, in July, Keswick, where he took both the evangelistic services in the tent on both Sundays. At the close of the convention on the Monday evening the S.A.G.M. held their usual bi-annual meeting in the Pavilion, and those who were present will not soon forget his powerful appeal at the close of the meeting for a whole-hearted surrender. Many were led to surrender themselves and their children and their substance to the Lord that night

"Immediately after this Spencer went off to Scotland with a young friend for a fortnight's fishing at Kinloch Rannoch. I joined them a week later, and we had a thoroughly happy holiday. It was a treat to see Spencer so keenly enjoying this, his favourite recreation, and his satisfaction when a good basket was secured. Yet even here he could not altogether rest, but took the service in the Free Church on the Sunday evening, speaking on Revival. We then joined the children, who were staying at Bridge of Allan with their grandmother, and in September we all spent ten days at Crail, a little fishing town on the east coast of Scotland, where the fresh bracing air and restful surroundings did much to restore his health.

"September 26 he sailed once more for America, the friends in Tonbridge giving him a very hearty send-off at a large united prayer meeting held in the Parish Room the evening before he sailed.

"He was accompanied on this tour by a young friend, Mr. Ernest Herbert, who kindly acted as his secretary, and who was a great help to him in relieving him of much of the detail work."

Mrs. Walton most graciously allows me to quote here from letters written her by Spencer while absent in America. They reveal the singleness of purpose which characterized all his work, and his continuous dependence upon the Holy Spirit for all needed power.

"DORCHESTER, *October* 22, 1905. . . . Jesus is intensely precious, and I am having such blessed times of prayer and such real times of power. All is at rest, and I am seeing how wonderfully He is undertaking for us. . . . I am beginning to take meetings as He opens doors. A warm invitation has come from Lowell, a town eighteen miles from here. I am taking two meetings there to-morrow, and then on to East Northfield, where we have a few meetings on our way to Rochester.

"ROCHESTER, *October* 29. We had a wonderful time yesterday. In the evening the power of God was most manifest. I spoke from the Queen of Sheba. To-day I have my missionary meeting and closing address. Syracuse is opening, and I hope to get into Amsterdam for one evening. . . . This waiting time has been a real blessing, and I have seen God's planning hand in a wonderful way. The devil has not been asleep, and his attacks are constant and sharp, but while I have felt them, through God alone I have always got the victory. . . . We purpose going on Thursday to Niagara, and then on Friday on to Detroit for two meetings, and on Saturday arrive (D.V.) in Chicago for about sixteen or twenty days. Pray much.

"CHICAGO (Bible Institute). *November* 11. We have just arrived here after a week of testing, but a week of blessing. It is so easy to speak at meetings, but testings like these prove the reality of what we preach. Although the home has been uncomfortable . . . and meetings unusually small, God has given us the victory all along the line, blessed be His name for ever and ever. I have had sweet times of heart to heart fellowship.

"Several of God's poor ones have received definite blessing, and that is more than one poor woman at Sychar! I would not have missed it all; and although the devil says I might have been here and there and done better, God is going to show me some 'new thing' and what He can and will do. So I rest in Him.

"*November* 14, 10 p.m. I have just come in from the meeting. Praise, oh! praise the Lord! A large increase in numbers, but oh! the mighty power of God. We had a glorious time. Weeping and confessing all over the inquiry room. One of the most blessed meetings I have ever had over here. Dear Mr. J—— can only look on and weep. So many of the students are receiving the blessed fulness. I spoke from 'Powerless petitions or prevailing prayer—which?'

"*November* 15. A glorious time at Bible reading and an increase in numbers, but the evening meeting exceeded in blessing the one last night. I spoke on 'Idols.' The spirit of conviction was marvellous. The inquiry room was full. Oh! it was glorious. Several from last night are now full and rejoicing. One fellow said he had had to write *six* letters making up grudges, etc.! The blessing is going through this, and the Women's Training Institutes, and what glorious results should follow as they get scattered through the world.

"*November* 18. The blessing continues in a most remarkable way, and they are wanting me to continue here, which I cannot do, owing to engagements ahead. . . . Such a number of the students, both men and women, have been blessed, and some are overflowing. Sins have been confessed, grudges made up, reconciliations brought about and acts of restitution made. To God be all the glory.

"*November* 18. Now I know why we had such a trying week before commencing here. It was just God's blessed way of preparation. Such a week of quiet waiting upon Him. To-morrow I have four meetings, two S.A.G.M.; Monday two, Tuesday two, and Wednesday two. Thursday one more meeting, and Friday to Detroit. Doors are still opening, and I am full up to end of January. . . . I am fairly well. I just go on with God day by day and He supplies the needed strength.

"*November* 20. We had 1,600 in last night, such a crowd and such a blessed time. Singing grand. I spoke on 'The

greatest possible sin.' Such a breaking down and not far short of thirty souls! Praise God! . . . I am just a bit tired.

"*November* 23. . . . We had a glorious missionary meeting here last night, and they have given the S.A.G.M. about $350 in all. Splendid giving for a poor Church. . . . Leave for Detroit to-morrow. One step East and towards home!

"*November* 27. Y.W.C.A., DETROIT. We arrived here on Friday and on Saturday had a very warm prayer meeting. Yesterday was a very busy day, but to-day I am fresh and bright. Praise God. . . . Our God *is* with me. The revival broke out here yesterday. Bless His Name. In the morning I spoke at the Haven Methodist Church on Luke 11. 6. Over fifty came out to the rails, some so broken down. The minister wept for joy! This was at a *morning* meeting. At the afternoon meeting we had a big number in at the Y.W.C.A. I spoke on Jonathan or practical devotion. Again God came amongst us wonderfully, and we had the Lecture Hall full of inquirers, weeping. Some saved, some restored, and some filled. It was grand. In the evening I was at a large church as cold as an ice house. It *was* a fight, but God the Holy Ghost again came down in mighty power and broke them up. Out they came to the front, some seeking salvation, some restoration and some a definite filling. It was glorious, and my dear Master's heart rejoiced. Between one and two hundred were dealt with yesterday. . . . A most blessed S.A.G.M. meeting. $121 here. Praise the dear Lord.

"TORONTO, *November* 30. We reached here safe and well on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour had a very warm welcome for us and are as kind as ever. A letter from Chicago tells me the revival continues with blessed results. It was certainly wonderful at Detroit, and here we hear sounds of it. I have not too much to do here. It is very cold. Ice and snow and 16 degrees of frost.

"*December* 4. God is with me and I realize His power most blessedly, but I do miss, with the crowd of work, the study of His Word, as I get it at home. Still I pick up bits which I will put together when I get to quiet old Tonbridge. . . .

"NORTHFIELD, MASS., *December* 10. Here I am resting with one or two important meetings and much to encourage. Monday. You *will* shout Hallelujah! First of all, I had a most precious ingathering of souls last night. To-day a gentleman here gave me $500=£100 for the Native Evangelists' Training Home. Is not our God good?"

1905

SUMMARY OF AMERICAN VISIT FROM OCTOBER TO JANUARY 27.

About 3,000 miles travelled in America.
No. of places visited : 26.
No. of *new* places opened : 10.
No. of meetings held : 163.
No. of new Missionary Helpers : 504.
No. of booklets sold or disposed of : 3,100.
About No. of letters written : 820.

PLACES VISITED.

Boston.
Dorchester.
Webster.
Lowell
E. Northfield.
Mount Hermon.
Rochester.
Syracuse.
Niagara.
Detroit.
Chicago.
Wheaton.
Toronto.
Hamilton.
Springfield.
Newburgh.
Warwick.
New Haven.
New Britain.
Baltimore.
Washington.
Philadelphia.
Germantown.
Staten Island.
Brooklyn.
New York.

XVI

THE LAST YEAR

BUT, BEST OF ALL, HE'S MINE!

I KNOW I have eternal life—
God's precious gift through His dear Son;
He faced the foe, He won the strife,
The work for me is fully done—
But, best of all, He's mine!

I know I have a blood-bought peace,
So real, beyond all human thought;
No end, but still it will increase
Until His loved ones home He's brought—
But, best of all, He's mine!

I know in love He dwells in me—
O! blessed freedom from sin's power!
His law of life has set me free,
His changeless love keeps every hour—
But, best of all, He's mine!

I know my Shepherd's tender care
Leads me by waters calm and still;
I hear His voice—how can I fear?—
'Tis sweeter than the running rill
But, best of all, He's mine!

I know I'll see Him face to face
In that bright world of endless bliss;
His boundless care I then will trace,
His piercèd hand I then will kiss—
But, best of all, He's mine!

I know He'll welcome me up there,
I know I'll join in Heaven's song;
I know His glory I shall share,
Goodness and mercy all along—
But, best of all, He's mine!

W. S. W.

(His last poem, written in Keswick Week, 1906.)

CHAPTER XVI

The Last Year

"THE fulness of the riches of God in Christ Jesus—all *mine*. Praise the Lord! Thy will:—nothing more, nothing less, nothing else."

So ran the opening lines of Spencer's diary for 1906—his last year on earth; his first in Paradise. The letters quoted in the last chapter have indicated the occasions of this burst of praise. On New Year's Day he was at New Britain; thence he proceeded to Baltimore and Washington. At the capital he had the honour of an interview with President Roosevelt, who received him most cordially, and evinced much interest in his experiences in the War. "I told him," wrote Walton, "that I felt God would reward him for his action in the Russo-Japanese trouble. He looked up and smilingly said: 'It certainly was the opportunity of a lifetime, and I was glad to avail myself of it.'"

Early in January he was in Philadelphia, from which city he wrote to his wife as follows:—

"I am getting quite excited over coming home, and it is only two weeks and a day before we sail! . . . God has been opening doors and leading me by 'the skilfulness of His hands.' I am well, thank God, and very happy. God is blessing richly, and on Sunday we had a day of remarkable blessing. In the morning I was at that nice church, that you and I went to, Dr. ——'s, and had a real time. In the afternoon I was at a class held by a dear old lady, aged 82, spoke from John 3. 16, and we had a real breaking down. In the evening at Pastor F——'s. It was a grand time, with a long fruitful after meeting."

Here we may somewhat anticipate and say that when after Walton's death Miss Porter and Mr. Head visited this church, they learned from the pastor's lips that his visit had been the commencement of a revival which continued for three weeks, and not only so but that conversions had attended every service since. A minister's wife who met him on this occasion wrote of him :—" What a great blessing he was wherever he went. He was so enthusiastic, so cheerful and natural and sincere, and in the quiet of this home he was a benediction, as well as to so many of our people." In a circular letter to his beloved fellow-workers he thus summed up his experiences :—

" As I look back upon the four and a half months in America, I can not only see that goodness and mercy have followed me all the way, but that my health is better than when I left England, and that God has enabled me to put in some real solid work which will tell in the future."

He landed on February 10, and almost immediately proceeded to Wimbledon to report to the Chairman of Council. Then, just one week later, with Mrs. Walton, he was at Lewes for ten days' mission under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. This was followed by a mission at Sevenoaks ; and the convention at Wimbledon. On March 17th a sixteen days' mission was begun at Guildford, at the invitation of Rev. F. Paynter. Every possible preparation had been made ; the services were well advertised, and three deaconesses told off for visitation in the town. Two incidents of this mission were particularly noteworthy. A " Punch and Judy " show was set up not far from the door of the hall in which the services were held, and for some days proved a source of annoyance. On the Sunday, the showmen occupied the front seats. They were much impressed, and were present on the next night. The missioner was then speaking about shipwrecked lives, and among those who professed conversion were the two showmen. Another trophy was a man

who, on the way to commit a burglary, went in to the mission service to wile away an hour. He too professed a determination to live a new life and as a pledge of his sincerity gave up his housebreaking tools to one of the workers.

Meetings at Northampton were greatly blessed of God. Here at an after meeting a racing man was convicted of sin, yielded himself to God, and quite voluntarily went back to the hall to tell his friends of his decision. So week by week the old message was proclaimed, and time and again God's faithfulness was proved.

In the middle of May I was the guest of the Waltons for two or three days, having arrived from South Africa a fortnight earlier. I found Spencer, as of old, occupied to the full with his Master's interests and seeking ever to extend His Kingdom in every possible way. But there was a deeper tone in his conversation; a more mellow spirit in his life; a keener sense of the shortness of the time; a more intense longing for His coming. How little we knew that, even then, he was being prepared for the vision of which he had so sweetly sung :—

> "Oh! touch mine eyes that they may see
> In cloudless rapture Thy dear face."

Yes! even then was being granted his heart's desire :—

> "Unstop my ears, that I may hear
> The softest whisper of Thy love,
> To draw my heart from earthly things,
> And fix it on THYSELF above."

We spoke of the forthcoming Keswick Convention, and of the fellowship we would then enjoy—it was to be my first visit to that hallowed spot. In the interim he was much occupied with service in Scotland, preaching at Aberdeen and Montrose, and speaking at the Bridge of Allan Convention.

Amongst the first to greet me on arrival at Keswick was dear Walton, and all through that memorable week we had many never-to-be-forgotten hours of fellowship.

He spoke at both services in the Wesleyan Church on the first Sunday of the Convention, but seems to have been specially used of God in personal, individual work. The following letter was written to a young friend to whom he had thus been helpful:—

"My dear E——,

"Your letter was most welcome, and I do so rejoice with you. Of course the devil will attack you, you are worth attacking now, and it is a very good sign! Faith keeps the Lord in front, and *He* fights our battles. We have through Him a defeated foe to face. Just that cry '*The Lord* rebuke you, Satan,' is enough. Be sure and keep sacred your morning watch. Not only open your heart to God, but let Him speak to you. Remember a yielded heart is a God-possessed heart, and obedience keeps us conscious of this, and lets *Him* act. *Submission* is the greatest mission we can belong to. Let that wee text be yours, *all the day long*:—'*Yea, Lord.*' Remember the smallest details in home life, if done for Him, are as acceptable as some big mission work. It is in these daily tasks that the life is seen. It tells tremendously, and is what many look at. Avoid going on with feelings. They are a sort of natural barometer, often very sensitive, and surroundings cause 'fair' or 'rain.' Make your Bible your companion and count upon the Holy Ghost to teach you. Just ask Him, and let Him, and don't be in a hurry. Not quantity but quality. Miss Havergal's 'Kept for the Master's use' will be a real help, also the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life,' providing the closing chapters on Universalism are omitted.

"Your affectionate old friend,
"W. Spencer Walton."

The return journey to London will always be associated with my friend and brother, for my farewell to him as he drove from Euston with the Rev. F. S. Webster was our last greeting "until the morning"! He spoke much of the forthcoming holiday in Norfolk, and of the quiet time he hoped that it might prove. It was to be a season of communion with his Master, in preparation for further work. It proved to be the prelude to the unveiled vision, and to perfect service in the Presence of the King.

It is fitting that the pen of her who loved him so well should trace the record of those closing days. Their

history is a sacred shrine into which no stranger dare intrude.

"My husband returned from Keswick on Saturday evening, July 28, and tired though he was, after the long journey, he went to the weekly prayer meeting held in the Parish Room every Saturday night, remarking that some would be disappointed if he did not go and tell them about Keswick. The meeting had commenced when he got there, but the Vicar at once welcomed him back and asked him to speak. As he told of all the blessing experienced during the week, his own face was shining, and the hearts of his hearers were stirred to the depths as he spoke of the fresh vision of the Cross he had himself received, and of his determination, as long as God should spare him, to preach it, and it alone.

"On August 1 we started for our long anticipated holiday at Bacton, in Norfolk, little thinking it was the last he was to spend, but as one of the children said to me afterwards, it was the happiest holiday we had ever had as a united family. It was a great treat to the children to have their father all to themselves, and to him it was also a peculiar pleasure, and he gave himself up to them, fishing, bathing, shrimping, digging in the sand, playing cricket and bicycling to various places of interest.

"It was *invariably* his custom to rise early in the morning, and to spend the first hour of the day with God, and at Bacton he never missed his 'quiet' time.

"Nor could he ever thoroughly enjoy a holiday unless he had some work for the Lord, and so each Sunday found him taking one or two services in the little Baptist chapel. On Sunday, the 19th, he took both services, speaking in the evening on the Marriage Supper, and pleading with those present to accept God's invitation there and then.

"He seemed in the best of health, and was full of glad anticipation of his coming visit to the States and Canada with his beloved friend, Albert A. Head.

"On Wednesday, the 22nd, he was not quite in his usual form, and on Thursday the doctor was called in, but it was not until midnight on Thursday that we were alarmed, when he was suddenly seized with intense pain. On Friday, a leading surgeon from Norwich having been consulted, it was considered imperative to perform an operation immediately for appendicitis, as the only chance of saving his life. This took place on the Saturday, when it was found that his condition was even more grave than had been supposed, and as the hours passed it became evident to those lovingly watching him, that he was sinking. Spencer himself did not realize the sad fact, but spoke hopefully of getting better. I felt he must be told, and said quietly to him on the Sunday morning, I thought perhaps he

was going to see Jesus. 'Well, darling,' he answered at once, '*He knows!* I'm ready. I've been ready for thirty-four years. Bless His Name!' The children were brought in one by one to see him for the last time, and he tenderly blessed each one.

"During the day he expressed a wish that Mr. Head might be sent for. On explaining to him that this was impossible as we could not communicate with him, and asking him if he had anything special to say to him: 'No,' he answered, 'I just wanted to have a little fellowship with him.' His deep calm, and perfect rest in God was wonderful. There did not seem to be a single ripple. He gave me many messages of love to very many friends, mentioning the missionaries and others by name. He also gave me instructions regarding his funeral and the hymns he wanted sung, 'and let there be nothing dingy,' he said. So calm was he, that I said to him: 'Are you not sorry?' 'Only leaving you and the chicks,' he replied tenderly. Mother said to him, 'This is very sudden, but not for you.' 'No!' he answered, '*Glory* for me.' I quoted a verse to him from Weymouth's translation, 'I will never, never forsake you,' and he replied at once, using the same version: 'I will never, *never* let go thy hand.'

"Another time I said to him, 'What am I going to do without you?' He whispered the reply, 'Thou remainest—*Jesus* remains.' The Baptist minister came in to see him very shortly before the call came, and Spencer asked him if he was going to preach that evening? On being answered in the affirmative, Spencer said, 'Tell them to *look up*.' Shortly after this he 'fell asleep' and awoke in glory, just as the sun was setting on a beautiful summer evening.

"Some one has said, 'It is a mark of perfectly ripe fruit that it is easily detached from its stem.' Truly it seemed so with Spencer! It only seemed a slight alteration in his plans. The Lord required him in glory rather than in America, and he wanted his Lord's will 'nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.'"

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On Thursday, August 30, the "earthly tabernacle," which had rested meanwhile in the grey old parish church of Tonbridge, was borne to its last resting place on the quiet hillside not far away. The closed shops, the thronged streets, the crowded church, spoke with mute eloquence of the love that he had won. The Vicar of Tonbridge conducted the service, assisted by the Vicar of S. Luke's, South Kensington, by whom the glowing words of Resurrection hope were read:—"Now is Christ risen from the

dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept . . . as we have borne the image of the earthy we shall also bear the image of the heavenly . . . . this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality . . . Then . . . VICTORY!" Victory! It was the keynote of the whole service. "Let there be nothing dingy," Spencer had directed, and loyally his wish was carried out. "Sleep on, beloved," was sung, and then, later, a hymn that again and again he had chosen for the Saturday fellowship meeting at Durban :—"The sands of time are sinking." Hearts were sad, and eyes dimmed at the thought that his voice would never announce it more, and yet withal there was a deep sense of glad thanksgiving that at last *his* eyes were looking, not upon the radiant glory but rather on the Bridegroom's face. "It was a coronation, rather than a funeral," said one, and his witness was true. The S.A.G.M. was represented by Mr. Head, Mr. H. W Maynard, and Col. Cleeve, R.E., while in the presence of Mr. J. C. Gibson many hundred mourning hearts in South Africa found expression of their sense of loss. In tones which indicated emotion that could with difficulty be controlled, Mr. Head spoke to the sorrowing friends assembled in the church. He spoke of his long-lived friendship with Spencer, and of Spencer's sincerity as a friend; of his earnestness of purpose in all work for Christ; of all he had been enabled to accomplish in and for South Africa. Then, coming nearer home, he thanked God in the name of men and women of Tonbridge for Spencer's witness there, and amid a profound silence appealed for a fuller consecration to their Lord and his.

As the haunting strains of the *Marche Funèbre* floated through nave and aisle, the sorrowing congregation followed the flower-laden coffin to the grave. This had been prepared upon the side of the hill, overlooking a wide expanse of Kentish vales, bathed in summer sunshine or veiled in shimmering purple haze. The quiet beauty

of the scene emphasized the note of triumph already sounded, and answered to the chastened joy of hearts that sorrowed not as those bereft of hope. The Vicar spoke a few earnest words, the Doxology was sung, and slowly the great concourse melted away, leaving for a space the tired body, resting only till He come.

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My labour of love is ended—an undertaking which has proved a means of grace indeed. "Though he were a Paul, yet was he a man," wrote Chrysostom of the great apostle. So too of Spencer Walton. Though this record has sought to depict him as the fervent evangelist, the devoted missionary, the willing bondservant of Jesus Christ, it has not been unmindful of his limitations. And those who knew him most intimately will acknowledge that none was more sensitive to any failings or inconsistencies than he. Tender of conscience as of heart, ever and again he flung himself upon the grace and mercy of his Master and rose from disaster and defeat the stronger. His diary is one long acknowledgment of human weakness in which Divine strength was perfected. It, and the whole record of his life, is a witness to his passionate devotion to his Lord. Continually one has been reminded hereby of his kinship with Samuel Rutherford. "Next to Christ," wrote that saintly soul, "I had but one joy, the apple of my delights, to preach Christ my Lord" (Letter 225). "Fear not to give yourself and all ye have out for Christ and his Gospel" (Letter 281). "Nothing hath a nearer resemblance to the colour and hue and lustre of heaven than Christ loved, and to breathe out love-words and love-sighs for Him. Remember what He is. When twenty thousand millions of heaven's lovers have worn their hearts threadbare of love, all is nothing, yea, less than nothing to His matchless worth and excellency. Oh so broad and so deep is the sea of His desirable loveliness" (Letter 297).

The glowing ardour of Rutherford found its equal in Spencer Walton's surrendered life, and herein lay the secret of their spiritual power. Loving thus his Saviour, Walton ever deemed it his supreme delight to be alone with Him in communion and in prayer. Scarcely a day passed without an entry in his journal: "Up early: secured a good time with the Word"; "Kept my morning watch and saw something more of His beauty." So much with his Lord, he could be so wondrously used by His Lord, until the Home call came and he passed into "that more perfect vision of His face which we, for want of words call Heaven."

Spencer Walton's life is not ended. Somewhere in the Master's plan his consecrated gifts are surely being used:

> "If life be there
> The outcome and the crown of this,
> What else can make their perfect bliss
> Than in their Master's work to share?
> Resting, but not in slumbrous ease;
> Working, but not in wild unrest;
> Still ever blessing, ever blest,
> They see us as the Father sees."

HIS SERVANTS SHALL DO HIM SERVICE, AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.

XVII

A SHEAF OF TRIBUTES

CHAPTER XVII

A Sheaf of Tributes

IN the Home-call of our friend W. Spencer Walton, there passes from this scene one who has been wondrously and graciously used of God in the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A keen fisherman in the realm of nature, the Lord accepted his dedication in the spiritual realm, and made His promise real, "Follow Me and I will make you a fisher of men." He was exceptionally gifted with the zeal as well as the method and manner of winning souls. His addresses and Bible Readings were pointed, attractive and incisive—many a listener indifferent, prejudiced or even sceptical, was convicted of sin by the power of the word, and was led to Christ by virtue of the messages he was given to proclaim. A warrior greatly used in the fight has fallen, who will occupy the gap ?

Though his career was varied in its service, his objective was ever the same, to rescue men and women from a life of sin to a life of holiness and righteousness through the atoning work of Jesus Christ and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit.

How well I remember him in the early days of his frequent and fruitful missions. He was always welcome in our home in the north of London. His genial manner, his affectionate disposition, and his warm and cheery remembrance of persons and incidents, and kindnesses received, were an inspiration and attraction.

He was very keen to go out to South Africa in response

to a call he felt the Lord had specially given to him, and the history of the South Africa Mission reveals how God answered his faith and prayer, and used His servant and brought blessing to that region. How many in that land can now testify to blessing received through the instrumentality of the Mission. He delighted in the work of a pioneer, and Swazieland and Tongaland, amongst others, will ever treasure his name in remembrance of his being privileged to open doors for the preaching of the Gospel amongst the coloured people.

In missions, conventions, Bible readings, open-air services, how many heard the message of full salvation at his lips!

And, now that he is gone from amongst us, workers at home and in the field will not forget that he who was instrumental in leading to South Africa the first group of missionaries representing the then Cape General Mission in 1889, has lived to see over a hundred workers in the field as belonging to the S.A.G.M. May the remembrance of his services stimulate others to follow in his steps, and thus to bring ever increasing blessing to that needy and troubled land.

ALBERT A. HEAD (in *The Pioneer*).

From the *Natal Mercury*, August 28, 1906.

The news of the death of Mr. Spencer Walton has been received with deep regret by the whole community, for there are few amongst us who had not learnt to honour and admire him. Mr. Walton was not only a deeply religious man, but he was in the best sense of the term a good man. His earnestness and zeal in the cause for which he worked was beautiful as it was remarkable. His own convenience or his own personal comfort were never considered by him, and we use no figure of speech when we say that his life was devoted solely to good works. His only pleasure in life was in endeavouring to make his fellow-creatures happier. He was a splendid

example of what a Christian minister should be, always cheerful, never at a loss, ever ready to help a friend—and the whole of humanity was included in his friendship—a charming companion, and a tower of strength to a man in trouble and adversity. It is not possible, in a short article, to refer to the innumerable good works in which he occupied himself in South Africa; suffice it to say that he gave life and vigour to everything with which he had anything to do. He worked for his Master as few men in these times do work, for he had no other object in life. This "good and faithful servant" has entered into the joy of his Lord, but he has left a void which cannot be adequately filled; there are many Christian ministers, but there are few Spencer Waltons.

From Miss Bessie Porter, of the S.A.G.M.

When I was in Great Britain some five years ago, and going about to various centres, again and again one and another would come and speak to me, because I knew Mr. Walton, and the story of conversion through his ministry would be joyfully told.

From Mr. Frank Huskisson.

No one could possibly fail to appreciate Mr. Walton's lovable disposition or to admire the warmth of his sympathy, which was extended to all alike. A minister, in whose congregation he had a most successful work, once said: "Mr. Walton gives something people are always wanting to have, which is true loving sympathy, and this makes him welcome wherever he goes."

From the time when Mr. Walton first came to this country, about eighteen years back, in response to the call of God, up to the time he was called to higher service, he prayed, lived and laboured for the spiritual welfare of the people of South Africa, and God abundantly blessed His servant to the salvation of hundreds of souls

and the opening up of work throughout this land that shall yet mean the salvation of thousands more.

Every member of the Mission in South Africa feels he or she has lost a warm, loving, sympathetic friend, and that not only will the loss be felt by the S.A.G.M. but that South Africa is the poorer as a result of the promotion of one who initiated so much that has influenced the spiritual life of this country.

(In *S. A. Pioneer.*)

From Rev. F. PAYNTER, Stoke-next-Guildford.

The home-call of our dear brother, Spencer Walton, came to us, as it must have done to many others, as a terrible shock, his illness coming on so unexpectedly. Very pleasant has his intercourse with us been, full of bright hopes as he was both for the present and the future. The blessed hope of our Lord's return and our gathering together unto Him was ever uppermost in his mind. For many years past I have known and valued him, and lately we had been drawn still more closely together. Last March, at my request, and with the consent of the Council of the S.A.G.M., he took a sixteen days' mission in Guildford. We were so glad to have him and dear Mrs. Spencer Walton at our house. There was an exceptional brightness in his life, both on the platform and in the home. His addresses were faithful and winsome, full of striking illustrations which had come to him in his own experience as an evangelist. Every evangelist has his special gift of God, and his gift was a remarkable power as a reaper of souls. During the Guildford Mission in the spring, as far as we could judge, some sixty or seventy souls were brought to God. A few weeks later we had the joy of receiving him again, that he might give a special address to the young converts. We met him again at Keswick—always the same, full of love and sympathy.

His life may be summed up in a verse of one of his own hymns, written some sixteen years ago :—

> "Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood,
> Filled with the fulness of our God,
> Walking by faith the path He has trod,
> Hallelujah!"

And now he is gone. Precious in the sight of the Lord—and precious in our sight too—is the death of His saints.

(In *Life of Faith.*)

From Rev. WALTER SEARLE, S.A.G.M.

I am writing just after my return from our South African Keswick at Wellington, where Spencer Walton's name has been so frequently mentioned, both in the hall of meeting and outside. Dr. Andrew Murray, spared to preside at his venerable age, referred to the principal part Mr. Walton took in originating this convention so many years ago, the outcome of which, not only in sanctifying individual lives, but in starting other holiness conventions in this land, we can never estimate. My long acquaintance with this country, during which I have travelled much, has brought me into contact with many souls who owe either the beginning or the deepening of their spiritual life to his word. One touching illustration came to me at the Wellington Convention. After one of the meetings I met three Dutch ladies in the street, and, speaking of the late Mr. Walton and the numbers of converts to be found all over the colonies and the heathen territories, they all said: "Yes, and we three cousins are all his converts!" They are all working for their Saviour. One of them was led to Him as a schoolgirl, when Mr. Walton had a mission in one of the seminaries. I have met converts who date their conversion to the phenomenal mission Mr. Walton had in Capetown on his first arrival—a revival which seemed to shake the town; and I have heard those who witnessed

it refer to it as the most remarkable Capetown has ever known.

(In *Life of Faith.*)

A Tribute of Love.

Many a heart in South Africa is sad to-day at the thought that we shall see Mr. Walton in the flesh no more, and I for one, having known him from the time he first came to the country to labour for God, would like to weave my humble garland for his tomb and cast my grain of earth adown that open grave, while still there seems to linger in my ears the last sad words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The mission of 1888 has now passed into the realm of history, but certain parts of it are as vivid to-day, in the minds of some of us who went through it, as though it were but yesterday. We had been prepared for weeks to expect great things; Mr. Murray, vigorous and hearty then, had held a preparatory meeting in the old Y.W.C.A. of Capetown, and, as he expounded "faith working by love," urged upon us our part in the coming campaign. So Spencer Walton's name was upon many lips, and a sight of him eagerly looked for, by those who had long been praying for blessing on his work. His first public appearance was at a meeting for prayer with Christian workers, and he immediately began, in his homely, chatty fashion, to tell us how to pray. Prayers were apt to be prosy and long in those days, and his anecdote of the man who used to pray for twenty-five minutes, travelling round the world the while, was to the point. Services in the Metropolitan (Wesleyan) Church and Exhibition Buildings followed, with mighty blessing to many souls, and some of the most prominent workers at the Cape to-day were either converted at that time or lifted up on to a higher spiritual plane. How quickly he made himself at home among us, as with bright happy handsome face he would come to us, on to the platform at

the Exhibition Buildings, and, in a clear ringing voice, call out: "Fill up the centre chairs, friends; we shall need every seat here to-night"; and so we did. The people came and filled the seats, and listened breathlessly to a solo from Mrs. Barclay, and an address from our dear departed founder. One meeting I vividly recall. It was not on the programme, and it took place on Mr. Walton's off night. "I'm going to help our Salvation Army friends to-morrow night," he announced. It was in the days before the issue of *Darkest England* and the Army had not yet been patronized by the nobles of the land. The Capetown corps was quartered in a loft-like room that was approached from outside by a ladder, and was in a street not notable for cleanliness and good order; but Mr. Walton loved the Army. "If you have never been to an Army meeting before, come along with us." His text was: "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"; and in that crowded meeting, with "Happy Jack" and many other Salvation Army notables, where were also gathered for the nonce some of the cream of Cape society, there flowed forth the new wine of the kingdom, until our hearts were bubbling over, and time could not be given for all to sound their praises. "I'se had a full one to-night," said "Happy Jack," and so had many of us. Never, perhaps, had there been seen such a preacher in the Cape, who so manifestly enjoyed the presence of the Lord; and who could resist him, as he appealed for decisions to follow his Master? "Blessed, blessed Jesus! Won't you have Him? Won't you have Him?"

Years after, it was my privilege to accompany him on a tour of a couple of months in the Transkei. I recall the boyish delight with which he entered into the sights and the life of the country, whether it was riding through a swarm of locusts, or skinning and preserving, for some young friends in England, a bird shot by his host for

the night, or watching the circling flight of an eagle as it glided through the breathless atmosphere of a peerless day.

Mr. Walton gave himself with schoolboy glee to the work of the moment, and what a companion he was! And how his name was known long before he got there, in village, mission station, or trader's cottage! Our native work in Pondoland is a direct outcome of his visit there at that time, and the work in Bomvanaland and Tembuland followed.

Many meetings were held, and much blessing resulted, and even where there was no chance of holding a service but only a family gathering in a missionary's home, his recital of some of Faber's hymns, or his anecdotes of incidents springing out of many years' service for his Master, made the time pass all too quickly, and turned the thoughts and hearts to Jesus. We shall never see his like again; he was God's choice gift to South Africa, and he has gone to the Master whom he so adored, being made "most blessed for ever."

The Mission has lost its most valuable asset, and I have lost my best friend.

SAMUEL HOLT (in the *S. A. Pioneer*).

From Rev. E. W. MOORE, Wimbledon.

The announcement of Mr. Spencer Walton's sudden home-call will have come as a sad shock to his friends. Although for some time past it was known that he had not been in his usual health, his activity was not perceptibly affected, and when I last saw him at Keswick this summer he was contemplating another journey to America in the interests of S.A.G.M. So little do we know when our warfare may be accomplished and our term of service on earth ended. The first thought in the mind of those who knew him will be one of sincerest sympathy with his widow and fatherless children. May the God of all comfort be with them in their sore bereavement.

Mr. Walton's loss will, however, be felt far outside the circle of his immediate relatives. It is not too much to say that he will be mourned by hundreds on both sides of the sea, and especially in South Africa, with which country his name has of late years been specially identified as a worker for Christ. In Emmanuel Church, Wimbledon, we have always felt we had a special link with him, were it only from the fact that it was immediately after his memorable mission in our Church Room, in 1887, that he went out to South Africa, and was instrumental in developing in so remarkable a degree the work first known as the Cape General Mission, and now established under the familiar title of the S.A.G.M. If I were asked to indicate the special feature of the service of our departed friend which most impressed me, I should undoubtedly point to his singular power of bringing anxious souls to immediate decision for Christ. It was here that he shone as an evangelist. A personal love for the Saviour glowed within him and enabled him to present Christ to the soul in difficulties in vivid fashion as "a living, bright Reality." His intense earnestness and "humanness," if I may coin the word, though they did not, of course, appeal equally to all, had an extraordinary influence with some. In the remarkable mission at Wimbledon, to which I have already referred, the conversions night after night were (and I speak with a long and varied experience of such services) little less than phenomenal. Not fewer than 300 names of persons who had received spiritual benefit were sent in to me at the close of the services, while for two or three years afterwards when, in my confirmation classes, I asked my young people as to the time of their decision for Christ, the frequent answer would be: "During Mr. Spencer Walton's mission."

Of late years his work in Africa absorbed him, and I have not had the same opportunities of observing it. But at Tonbridge, where he has lately resided, and where,

with every mark of esteem and affection, he has been laid to rest, he was permitted to see abundant and abiding fruit of his labours in the missions and conventions he conducted or organized. But of this side of his work others are better qualified to speak than I. I gladly pay this parting tribute to my old friend, a true and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, who, like John Berridge of Everton, "loved his Master and His work, and after running upon His errands here below has been called up to wait on Him above."

"Blessed are those servants whom their Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching." "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Amen.

(In *Life of Faith.*)

From Rev. C. G. Moore.

My whole memory of my dear friend Mr. Spencer Walton is a delight. Some twenty years ago, when he was attending conferences and meetings all over Britain in connexion with the beginnings of the South Africa General Mission, I was again and again brought into close fellowship with him, and learned how intense was his devotion to Christ, and how warm his love to his brethren. From that bright beginning he never, to my knowledge, went back. He never lost either what I can only describe as a certain boyishness which was so great a charm to those who enjoyed his intimate friendship.

We were both present at the Bridge of Allan Convention in the later part of June last, and travelled south together at its close. What a day of sweet fellowship we had! What stories he told me of God's kindness, and of happy, fruitful service! How tender and ripened his spirit! He was looking forward with much anticipation to the holiday in Norfolk with his dear ones, then to the proposed visit to the United States with Mr. Head and others,

then to his return to the loved work in South Africa. There was much happy commerce of heart between us that day, and the memory of it will long abide.

I saw him at Keswick. He was very bright, but I recall a weariness and other symptoms whose gravity did not then come home to me. I fear his holiday came too late. For many of us his departure will long be felt as a keen loss. But how good it is to have lived so as to be really missed! And so in our bereavement we will not forget to praise and bless the God and Saviour whose wondrous grace made Spencer Walton to be so great a joy to us for so many years, and so real a minister of blessing to thousands in Britain, South Africa, and America! God grant to his bereaved family the comfort and favour they so sorely need!

(In *Life of Faith.*)

From Letters to MRS. SPENCER WALTON

Extract from a letter from JAMES YOUNG (*for many years closely associated in the work in Durban*). *New Zealand, October* 8, 1906.

I feel it to be a great personal loss. I have ever retained such fragrant recollections of our fellowship in Durban, when we stood shoulder to shoulder amid all the trials and difficulties that beset our work, and I think those very trials fused us the more closely together. I feel as if never again is it likely to be my privilege to be linked on in fellowship and service to one who was so full of love, and that charming warm-heartedness which makes life so full of joy, and work so enjoyable. . . . I have been studying and preaching on "Jesus and the home circle at Bethany" lately, and *the circumstances seem so parallel.* It was into that pious, loving household, honoured above all the homes on earth with the friendship of the Son of God in the days of His flesh, so happy, and so united, and bound up in each other by the ties of nature and grace; it was into that household, that a

sudden sickness, speedily followed by death, came. Jesus tarried, and sent only the message that this sickness was "for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." All the circumstances called for the highest faith in the steadfastness of Christ's love and care for them, and for highest trust in His wisdom in permitting this dark, strange, unexplainable providence.

I am sure there will be perfect faith on your part, and that you will trustfully wait till our Lord comes again, and brings the loved ones with Him, for the explanation, and how it will be overruled for the highest good. . . .

From Rev. Dr. Andrew Murray.

How the news carried me at once to you and your surroundings and the many, many who will feel a personal interest in it. My heart went up at once in the prayer that God will give you His holy presence. Every loss is meant to be filled up by His presence; every sorrow is meant to make His fellowship more dear to us. . . .

How the news brought back old times, from our first incidental meeting in England, to the evening when we first received him into our house here, at the Parsonage, on to all we went through together of joy in God's service and blessing, and of sorrow in everything that appeared to hinder His work. Mr. Walton was a man of so much heart and feeling that he could not be present without being felt. I thank God for our fellowship in conventions and missions, in our work here in Wellington, on through the Transvaal, and Swazieland. I thank Him for the blessing Mr. Walton has been to many a soul throughout this land, and through many a worker, whom he was the means of bringing out here. . . .

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From Canon A. E. Barnes Lawrence.

. . . Now he is with the Lord, what a joy for him! His heart was full of love for his Saviour and of desire

for His glory. There are some men to whom it seems *natural* to speak of the things of God, and he was one of them. I have often felt humbled in his presence, and realized this once more when we last met. His zeal and longing for souls was surely the outcome of an indwelling Saviour, and now he has begun his reward. His death is a great loss to South Africa, to us here at home and to many in the States, where he was so soon to be again. . . .

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From MISS C. GURNEY.

. . . The loss will indeed be a terrible sorrow to all who knew and loved him, but for him how glorious to be in the Presence of the Lord who was always so precious to him. It was twenty-four years ago that I first knew him through a most blessed mission held for my Working Men's Class, and he was the first who encouraged me to begin publishing the Policemen's paper. I had only lately been reading in it his address last April in Exeter Hall. . . .

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From MISS S. M. NUGENT.

. . . The bright visions of him with shining look and cheery word that I had at Keswick this year seem to make it so hard to realize. Oh, how one thanks God for him and all his life and witness as well as his work! His Lord must have had great joy in him, and the ripening which seemed so marked this last two years was just the proof of how he was living in the heat of his Lord's love which mellows and glorifies.

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From REV. H. SOLTAU.

. . . I remember his sunshiny, bright addresses and fellowship in service and conversation together. . . . I bless God for all the inspiration that he has been to many of us by life and word and the great blessing in his service abroad.

From A. W. STILEMAN.

. . . I learned to know and love Spencer Walton in 1882 just after my own conversion. . . . I do not think I ever knew any one who had such a gift of leading sinners to a point of decision and to accept Christ as their Saviour as he had. I shall never forget the mission Spencer held at Emmanuel Church, Wimbledon, in 1887, the year after Mr. Moore came to us. There was a real revival in our midst at that time, and there are numbers of souls in Wimbledon to-day who bless God that Spencer held that mission. When I was saying this last evening, R——, who is staying here with us, told me that Spencer was the means of his conversion, and that he was brought in during that mission, and there are hundreds of souls in this land and in South Africa as well as in America, who praise God for messages received through dear Spencer.

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From REV. COLDSTREAM SAMPSON, *Cape Town.*

. . . To say that I shall miss him does not express the deep sense of loss I feel, for I loved him sincerely, as I know he did me. The kindness he always showed me in the fifteen years I have known him, will not easily be obliterated from my mind, and I mourn to think that I shall not again hear his cheery greeting, though I rejoice that I shall see him in the presence of the King, . . . All kinds of happy memories of the past come to my mind, and so far as they are connected with our loved one, who has gone before, there is not one that does not bring back some thrill of joy. He was always loving and kind to me, and I have lost a very true friend. . . . Amongst all who mourn his loss, there is not one who loved him more sincerely than I did.

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From MISS ELOISE SMITH, *Ottawa, Canada.*

. . . Some lives have so much service for the Master crowded into them that they seem to have fulfilled

their course before the allotted span of life is reached, and so it seemed with him. As I am away from home at present I cannot convey in the same way the sympathy of his numerous friends in Ottawa ; but I am sure that Eternity alone will reveal how many have had a fresh vision of Christ through him here in Canada as elsewhere.

That a sincere love for Christ the Master was the dominant passion of his life was evident to all who came in contact with him.

XVIII

SOME GLEANINGS

CHAPTER XVIII

Some Gleanings

Abraham: Tested but Triumphant.

Genesis xxii.

"BY faith, when Abraham was called to go out . . . obeyed." Heb. xi. 8.

Obedience is the expression of a yielded heart.
It is the key which unlocks God's storehouse.
My salvation depends upon it.
The gift of the Holy Ghost depends upon it. Acts v. 32.
My holiness depends upon it. Ex. xix. 5, 6.
Christ's friendship depends upon it. John xv. 14, 15.
My sanctification depends upon it. 1 Thess. v. 22, 23.
Abraham's obedience.

In leaving all. Gen. xii. Conversion.
In refusing all. Gen. xiii. xiv. Separation.
In giving all. Gen. xxii. Consecration.

Leaving all. 1 John ii. 15; James iv. 4; Matt. x. 37.

Result. Gen xii. 1, 2.

I will show. Counsel and guidance.
I will make. Power.
I will bless. A father's care.
Thou shalt be an overflowing blessing.

Refusing all. Chap. xiv. 22, 23.

Result.

"I am thy shield and thy reward shall be exceeding great." Chap. xv. 1.

Giving all. Chap. xxii.

"... After these things, God did test Abraham."
Immediate response. "Here am I."
Ver. 2. He asks for our best in the light of His best.
Ver. 3. He did not keep God waiting.
Ver. 5. The sacrifice must be between us and God alone.
Ver. 17. Overflowing blessing. Much fruit. Victory.
Ver. 18. Blessing to others.
Ver. 19. Abraham dwelt at Beer-Sheba.
"Well of fulness beyond desire."
Chap. xxiv. 1. "And the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things."

Isaac: Sonship and its Privileges.

Genesis xxiv. 36; xxvi. 13.

Regeneration. Gen. xxi. 1, 2; John i. 12; 1 Pet. i. 23.
"As He had said." "As He had spoken."
Not Ishmael changed, but Isaac born.
(That which is of the flesh is flesh.)
Sanctification. Gen. xxi. 4.
Separation. Gen. xxi. 10.
Not improve but cast out—put off. Ver 10; Col. iii. 9; John viii. 36.
When Isaacs are weaned, Ishmaels are cast out. Strong meat reveals not only Ishmaels, but the power to cast them out. Deliverance.
Submission. Gen. xxii.; Job xiii. 15.
Possession. Gen. xxiv. 36; chap. xxv. 5; 2 Cor. ix. 8; 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23; Phil. iv. 19.
Revelation. Gen. xxv. 11; 1 Cor. ii. 9, on.
Aggression. Gen. xxvi. 18, 19, 20; Rom. viii. 37; 1 Cor. xv. 57; Rom. viii. 15, 16, 17.

Joseph: Power through Passivity.

"A man in whom the spirit of God is."—Gen. xli. 38.
Enoch. Walking and communing.
Noah. Witnessing and working.

Abraham. Trusting and possessing.
Isaac. Resting and enjoying.
Jacob. Planning and losing.
Joseph. Reigning and imparting.
1. The portion.
2. The pathway.
3. The power.

1. The portion. Chap. xxxvii. 3. Like Isaac.

The Father's heart. The Father's blessings.

Love in the light of heirship.

2. The pathway. Ver 13; John xx. 21. As—so.

"Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord." John xv. 20.

Hated by his brethren. John xvii. 14.

Misunderstood by his brethren. Mark ix. 32; Luke xviii. 34; John xii. 16.

The possibilities of a life of power in life and service (misunderstood and condemned).

1. The yielding of the will. Chap. xxxvii. 13.

"Here am I." "Behold Me." Gethsemane.

2. "They cast him into a pit." Ver 24. Calvary.

3. "A man in whom the Spirit of God is." Chap. xli. 38. Pentecost.

Followed by a testing time. Ps. cv. 19; chap. xxxvii.

"Until the time of His word came, the word of the Lord tried him."

Until the time of His prediction arrived, when Jehovah's sword enlightened him" (Spurrell's Trans.).

Prison steps are the stairs to the throne.

3. The power. Rom. viii. 37; Acts vii. 9, 10.

Victory over circumstances. Chap. xxxix. 1–7; Rom. viii. 28.

Victory over temptation. Chap. xxxix. 7–13; Rom. viii. 37.

Victory over self-justification. Chap. xxxix. 19–23; Rom. viii. 33.

Victory over trials. Chap. xl.

Victory over self-assertion. Chap. xli. 16, 25, 28

Power to understand. Chap. xl.; chap. xli.; 1 Cor. ii. 9, on.

Power to impart. Chap. xli. 55, 56.

Power to love. Chap. xlv. 15; Rom. v. 5.

Power to rule. Chap. xli. 43; Prov. iii. 5, 6.

Power to reproduce. Chap. l. 19, 20.

Phil. ii. 1, 2, 13; Heb. xiii. 20, 21; 1 Pet. v. 10; Gen. xlix. 22–26.

My Servant Moses.

Numbers xii. 7.

Seven steps in the Christian's life seen in seven lives leading up to Moses.

Abel. The worshipper. Heb. xi. 4.

Enoch. Communion and testimony. Heb. xi. 5.

Abraham. Obedience and faith. Heb. xi. 8.

Isaac. Sonship and its blessing. Gen. xxiv. 35, 36.

Jacob. Discipline and results. Gen. xxxv.

Joseph. Glory and power through suffering. Gen. xli. 39, on.

Moses. Successful service. Exodus.

Progressive steps in the life of Moses.

Salvation. Ex. ii. 10; Ps. xl. 20. Drawn out.

Separation. Heb. xi. 24, 25, 26, 27.

Preparation. Ex. iii. 1.

Revelation. Ex. iii. 2.

Sanctification. Ex. iii. 2.

Commission. Ex. iii. 10, vi.

Separation must follow salvation.

All Moses learned and gained and was in Egypt had to be left. Acts vii. 22.

His Egyptian training only led to fleshly energy—chap. ii. 11, 12—and mistaken zeal. Acts vii. 23.

"It came into his heart to visit his brethren."

God was not consulted.

Ver. 25. "For he supposed." Supposing not faith.

Ver. 26. "The next day he showed himself (self)."

Ver. 27–29. "His brethren rejected him, and he fled from Pharaoh."

A CHRISTIAN IN AND OF EGYPT CAN NEVER SUCCEED.

Hebrews xi. 25–27.

He refused earthly rank, etc. He denied himself.

He chose to suffer affliction. He took up his cross.

He esteemed the reproach of Christ, etc. He followed. 2 Tim. ii. 21.

Preparation. Ex. iii.; Job x. 8.

Moses, a leader of Egypt's army, became a leader of Jethro's sheep. He was now in God's hands for His pleasure.

Revelation. Ex. iii.

1. What God is—a flame of fire.
2. What we are—a bush.

"A great sight." "God in us."

Holy ground.

Fire consumes sin.

Cleanses us from dross. Mal. iii. 2.

Inflames with love. Rom. v. 5.

Commission. Chap. iii. 10–15. "I will send thee."

Chap. iii. 12. His presence. Ver 14. His person.

Chap. iv. 12. His word.

No longer Moses—but God.

Ver 12. "Certainly I will be with thee."

Ver 14. "I AM hath sent . . . you."

Chap. iv. 12. "I will be with thy mouth."

Moses' seven objections.

1. Lack of fitness. Chap. iii. 11.
2. Lack of words. Chap. iii. 15.
3. Lack of authority. Chap. iv. 1.
4. Lack of power and speech. Chap. iv. 10.

5. Lack of special adaptation. Chap. iv. 13.
6. Lack of success at first. Chap. v. 23.
7. Lack of acceptance with man. Chap. vi. 12.

God's way of meeting the objections.

Chap. iii. 14. I AM.

John vi. 35; John viii. 12; John xiv. 6; John x. 11; John xi. 25; John x. 9; John xv. 1.

JONATHAN AND DAVID: A STORY OF PRACTICAL DEVOTION.

1 Samuel xviii., xix., xx.

1. The Measure and Expression of Love.

Ps. ciii. 1; Ps. xviii. 1; S. of Sol. i. 7; Matt. xxii. 37; John xiv. 23.

Expression. Stripped himself. { Ruth left all. Jonathan gave all. David's mighty men risked all.

Royal robe. Earthly position. Moses. Heb. xi. 24; Phil. iii. 7, 8.

Sword and bow. Absolute submission.

Girdle, i.e. purse. Possessions.

2. The Fellowship of Love. Chap. xix. 2.

"Jonathan delighted much in David."

Ps. xxxvii. 4; S. of Sol. vii. 10, 11, 12.

3. The Obedience of Love. Chap. xx. 4.

"Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it unto thee." John xv. 14, 15.

4. The Suffering of Love. Chap. xix. 10; chap. xx. 33.

"And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him." Phil. iii. 10; 2 Tim. ii. 12.

5. The Fulness of Love. Chap. xx. 41.

"They kissed one another." S. of Sol. i. 2; Eph. iii. 19.

UNDER HIS SHADOW.

Rock. Isa. xxxii. 2; 1 Cor. x. 4.

Under-Submission, Obedience, Humility.
Place of Rest. Isa. xxxii. 2.
Place of Revelation. Ex. xxxiii. 22.
Place of Life. Num. xx. 11.
Place of Sweetness. Ps. lxxxi. 16.
Place of Joy. Isa. xlii. 11.
Place of Durability. Isa. xxvi. 4.

The Sinfulness of Sin.

Within me as an active evil principle.
"For I know that in me dwelleth no good thing." Rom. vii. 18.
Upon me as a heavy burden.
"As a heavy burden they are too heavy for me." Ps. xxxviii. 4.
Over me as a hard taskmaster.
Ye were the bondslaves of sin. Rom. vi. 17.
Before me as a lurking foe.
Sin croucheth at the door. Gen. iv. 7.
Beside me as a witness.
"Be sure your sin will find you out." Num. xxxii. 23.
Beyond me ready to accuse.
"Some men's sins . . . going before to judgment." 1 Tim. v. 24.
Behind me as a destroyer.
"Some men's sins follow after." 1 Tim. v. 24; Eccles. ix. 18.

Luke XV.

Discontent.
Distance.
Dissipation.
Destitution.
Distress.
Disgrace.
Despair.
Determination
Decision.
Devotion.
Delight.

RECONCILIATION.

Luke xv. 11, and on.

The objects of reconciliation.
The ground of reconciliation.
The perfection of reconciliation.
The objects.
1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, 11 ; Col. i. 21 ; Rom. v. { 10 ; Luke xv.
The ground.
Rom. v. 10. A great way off.
The perfection.
2 Cor. v. 18, 19, 20.
Luke xv. Ran.
Fell on his neck.
Covered him with kisses.
Best robe—Righteousness.
Shoes—Sonship.
Ring—Union.
Calf—Satisfaction.

HE THAT SPARED NOT HIS OWN SON, BUT DELIVERED HIM UP FOR US ALL, HOW SHALL HE NOT WITH HIM ALSO FREELY GIVE US ALL THINGS.

Romans viii. 32.

The Need of Salvation.
The Cost of Salvation.
The Freeness of Salvation.
The Fulness of Salvation.

1. The Need of Salvation.

Objects of His love. Rom. v. Without strength, Ungodly, Sinners.

2. The Cost of Salvation.

What it cost God. I will send my Son. Luke xx. 13.

What it cost Christ. Though He was rich, etc. 2 Cor. viii. 9.

Rich.		Poor.
Heb. i. 3.	—	Ps. xxii. 6.
Prov. viii. 30.	—	Matt. xxvii. 46.
Heb. i. 3.	—	Ps. xxii. 15.
Heb. i. 6.	—	Ps. lxix. 12.
Mark viii. 29.	—	Ps. xxii, 15.
Prov. viii. 30.	—	Isa. liii. 3.

This did I for thee. What hast thou done for Me?

3. The Freeness of Salvation. Eph. ii. 8, 9; Tit. iii. 5.

Come. Freely. Rev. xxii. 17.

4. The fulness of Salvation.

Pardon. Isa. xliv. 22; Mic. vii. 19; Heb. x. 17.

Peace. Having made peace. Col. i. 20; Eph. ii. 17.

Power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me. Acts i. 8; Acts ii. 4.

The Christian's Position in the World.
John xvii.

Ver. 9. He is saved out of the world—Salvation.
Ver. 11. He is left in the world—Testimony.
Vers. 11, 12, 13. He is kept from the world—Preservation.
Ver. 14. He is not of the world—Separation.
Ver. 18. He is sent into the world—Commission.
Ver. 20. He is used in the world—Service.
Ver. 21. He is to save the world—Success.

All Sufficiency in the All-sufficient.
Col. i. 9, 10, 11, 12.

Colossians tells us how rich we are.

Chaps. ii. 3. God's treasure house of Wisdom and Knowledge.

Chap. ii. 9. God's storehouse of Divine fulness.

Christ the Treasurer.

Christ the Storekeeper. Gen. xli. 41, 55, 57.

In Christ Jesus our life is enfolded and preserved.
In us His life is unfolded and revealed.
Four points in four chapters.

Chap. i. The Person of Jesus. Ver 19.
The Foundation—Christ and His Fulness.
Chap. ii. The Power of Jesus. Vers. 9 and 10.
The Resource. Christ and His Work.
Chap. iii. The Place for Jesus. Ver. 16.
Christ and His Dwelling-place.
Chap. iv. The Purpose of Jesus. Ver. 12.
The Maintenance.

Present day dangers in the Colossian Church.
Higher Criticism. Chap. ii. 8. Ritualism. Chap. ii. 18.
The only remedy, Christ Jesus.

Marks of Abundant Life.

Run well. Isa. xl. 31; Heb. xii. 1, 2.
Walk well. Eph. ii. 10; iv. 1, 17; v. 2; v. 15.
Pray well. 1 Thess. iii. 10.
Work well. Heb. xiii. 21; 1 Cor. xv. 58.
Fight well. Rom. viii. 31. (No condemnation, no defeat no separation.) 1 Tim. vi. 12; 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.
Bear well. Gal. vi. 2.
Endure well. 2 Tim. ii. 3.
Sing well. Ps. civ. 33.
Stand well. Eph. vi. 13.
Wake well. Isa. l. 4.
Speak well. Isa. l. 4.
Hear well. Ps. lxxxv. 8.
Wait, watch well. Luke xii. 37.
Give well. Acts iv. 34–37.
Leap well. Ps. xviii. 29; Acts iii. 9.

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